WARREN'S

READING SELECTIONS,

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION

ILLUSTRATING

The Principles of Rhetorical Reading.

BY

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PREFACE.

THERE are three essential features to be desired in a Reading Book. First, the selections should possess true literary merit and a healthy moral tone; second, they should be adapted to the capacity, and appeal to the sympathies and interests, of the young; and third, they should form a wide range of vocal practice. Long experience as a teacher has impressed upon the compiler the needs of the pupil in these particulars.

The Arts and Sciences, History, Mathematics, etc., have their special allotment in the school-room; the Reading Book also has its place to fill. In one sense, it covers a wide field as a means of education. In it are grouped a variety of Authors, each treating of different themes; each, by historical narration, patriotic enthusiasm, grand description, pathetic appeal, or stirring oratory, serves to impress the mind for all time with corresponding sentiments. Too much care, therefore, cannot be taken in the choice of selections.

It is not a book for information or entertainment, neither is it a Compendium of English Literature. Its

chief object is to furnish useful and appropriate exercises for reading aloud. To this end, a great variety of prose and poetry, of varied rhetorical style, embodying the different emotions to which the human heart is susceptible, is essential.

Fully aware of the urgent demand for fresh selections, the compiler has introduced many that are new, and, she believes, not found in other Readers. With a genuine friendship, however, for some of the standard pieces, which are familiar to all and dear to many, she cannot willingly cast them aside.

The Introduction is merely suggestive of different styles found in the Reader.

The Selections marked for Expression are rather a summary of principles noted and illustrated in detail in the "Manual," and suggest the plan of studying each piece before reading, with special regard to one or more of the principles necessary to a correct and impressive rendering.

The compiler cannot but wish for the Reading Selections the same cordial reception which has greeted the Manual.

PHILADELPHIA, August 1st, 1878.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following selections illustrate the principal varieties of STYLE found throughout the Reader.

The language of prose being less imaginative than poetry, demands less variety of tone. The *thought-analysis* with the application of principles, which serve to convey the meaning to the understanding, is the chief end to be kept in view.

As, however, no thought can arise in the mind without a certain degree of emotion, it is important that the *tone* of voice be so adapted to the sentiment as to dispel the mechanical and monotonous utterance which sometimes pervades the reading of prose.

Familiar talk, dramatic selection, simple narrative, and descriptive extracts, serve to arouse interest and give ease and naturalness to the tone.

Let the pupil acquire a correct tone through a comprehension of the thought and feeling, and a knowledge of principles which apply to the expression, rather than by mere *imitation.*

The examples marked for the Rhetorical Pause, Inflections, and Emphasis, together with selection illustrating Expressive Tone in Emotional Reading, are suggestive of the method of study and practice of other selections. For single examples of application of principles, see "MANUAL."

COLLOQUIAL STYLE.

LIGHT CONVERSATION WITH A HEAVY MAN.

"CHARLOTTE, my dear, there is a ring at the hall-bell," said Mrs. Shawford, the morning after a ball. "Who can it be?—Perhaps the Sydenhams—no! it is Henry Waring.—What shall we do? He is so very heavy, and is always calling."

(*The servant announced Mr. Henry Waring.*)

"How do you do?" inquired Mrs. Shawford. "I hope Mrs. Waring and Eliza are quite well."

"Quite well, I thank you."

"I hope they are not fatigued. It was so very kind of Mrs. Waring to stay so late. Eliza looked exceedingly well: I think she has quite recovered."

"Yes."

"Been shooting to-day?"

"No."

"Pray, is it true, Mr. Henry Waring," inquired Charlotte, "that Dewhurst Hall is taken?"

"I don't know."

"Very great thing for the neighborhood, if it be."

"Yes."—(*A pause.*) "Beautiful weather," remarked Mr. Henry Waring.

"Very fine, indeed," agreed Mrs. Shawford. "When do your family go to town?"

"Next week."

"I hope we shall induce papa to take us soon," said Charlotte; "I want to hear Paganini."

"Yes."

"Have you heard him?"

"No."

"He must be very wonderful."

"Yes."

"You are fond of music, I believe?"

"Pretty well."—(*Pause the second.*)

"The Dean ages, I think," observed Mrs. Shawford, with a sigh.

"I think he does."

"I suppose William Rushton will soon return," observed Miss Charlotte Shawford.

"I suppose he will," replied Mr. Henry Waring.—(*Pause the third.*)

"Pray, is there any talk of Donnington balls this year?"

"I don't know."

"They were very pleasant."

"Yes, very."—(*Pause the fourth.*)

"Have you heard anything of your cousin?" inquired Mrs. Shawford.

"Believe they had a letter the other day."

"I hope he is quite well?"

"Yes, quite well."

"I suppose the important day will soon arrive now?"

"I suppose it will."—(*Pause the fifth.*)

"Will you take some luncheon, Mr. Waring?—It is in the dining-room."

"Thank you,—I have lunched."

"How does John like Oxford?"

"Oh! I don't know:—pretty well."

"Great change!"

"Yes."—(*Pause the sixth.*)

"Sure you will not take any luncheon?"

"No, thank you. Good-morning, Mrs. Shawford: Good-morning, Miss Shawford."

"Good-morning. Pray remember us most kindly at home."

"Yes,—Good-morning;" and he retired.

"Very heavy man is Mr. Henry Waring," observed Mrs. Shawford.

"Shocking!" said Charlotte.

Earnest Conversation with Vivid Narrative.

THE MISSING SHIP.

It was long before the cable stretched across the ocean, when the steamers did not make such rapid runs from continent to continent, that the ship *Atlantic* was missing.

She had been due in New York for some days, and the people began to despair.

"The *Atlantic* has not been heard from yet!"

"What news from the *Atlantic* on Exchange?"

"None." Telegraph despatches came in from all quarters. "Any news from the *Atlantic?*" And the word thrilled along the wires to the hearts of those who had no friends on board, "No."

Day after day passed, and people began to be excited, when the booming of the guns told that a ship was coming up the Narrows. People went out upon the Battery and Castle Garden with their spy-glasses; but it was a British ship, the Union Jack

was flying; they watched her come to her moorings, and their hearts sank within them.

"Any news from the *Atlantic?*"

"Has not the *Atlantic* arrived?"

"No! She sailed fifteen days before we did, and we have heard nothing from her;" and the people said, "there is no use hoping against hope, she has made her last port."

Day after day passed, and those who had friends on board began to make up their mourning.

Day after day passed, and the captain's wife was so ill that the doctor said she would die, if suspense were not removed.

Day after day passed, and men looked at one another and said, "Ah, it is a sad thing about the *Atlantic?*"

At length one bright and beautiful morning the gun boomed across the bay, and a ship was seen coming into port.

Down went the people to the Battery and Castle Garden. It was a British ship again, and their hearts seemed to die within them. But up she came, making a ridge of white foam before her, and you could hear a heavy sigh from that crowd, as if it were the last hope dying out. Men looked at one another blankly; by and by some one cried out, "She has passed her moorings, she is steaming up the river?"

Then they wiped away the dimness of grief and watched the vessel. Round she came most gallantly, and as she passed the immense crowds on the wharves and at Castle Garden, the crew hoisted flags from trucks to mainchains. An officer leaped upon the paddle-box, put his trumpet to his lips, and cried out, "The *Atlantic is safe.* She has put into port for repairs!"

Then such a shout! Oh, how they shouted!

Shout! shout! shout! "THE ATLANTIC IS SAFE!" Bands of music paraded the streets, telegraph wires worked all night long, "The *Atlantic* is safe," bringing joy to millions of hearts; and yet not one in a hundred thousand of those who rejoiced had a friend or relative on board that steamer.

It was sympathy with the sorrows of others, with whom they had no tie in common, save that which God created when He made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and permitted us, as brethren, to call Him the common Father of us all.

J. B. Gough.

SIMPLE NARRATIVE STYLE.

A STORY OF THE BAREFOOT BOY.

WRITTEN FOR J. G. WHITTIER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

"I was once a Barefoot Boy."

On Haverhill's pleasant hills there played,
Some sixty years ago,
In turned-up trowsers, tattered hat,
The "Barefoot Boy" we know.

He roamed his berry-fields content;
But while from bush and brier
The nimble feet got many a scratch,
His wit, beneath its homely thatch,
Aspired to something higher.

Over his dog-eared spelling-book,
Or school-boy's composition,
Puzzling his head with some hard sum,
Going for nuts, or gathering gum,
He cherished his ambition.

He found the turtles'-eggs, and watched
To see the warm sun hatch 'em;
Hunted with sling, or bow and arrow,
Or salt to trap the unwary sparrow,
Caught fish, or tried to catch 'em.

But more and more to rise, to soar—
This hope his bosom fired,—
He shot his arrow, sailed his kite,
Let out the string and watched its flight,
And smiled while he aspired.

"Now I've a plan—I know we can!"
He said to Matt—another
Small shaver of the barefoot sort;
His name was Matthew—Matt, for short,
Our barefoot's younger brother.

"What! fly?" says Matt. "Well, not just that,"
John thought; "for we can't fly;
But we can go right up," says he;
"Oh, higher than the highest tree!
Away up in the sky!"

"Oh, do," says Matt; "I'll hold thy hat,
And watch while thee is gone."
For these were Quaker lads, and lisped
Each in his pretty Quaker speech.
"No, that won't do," says John,

"For thee must help; then we can float
As light as any feather.
We both can lift; now don't thee see?
If thee lift me while I lift thee,
We shall go up together!"

An autumn evening, early dusk,
A few stars faintly twinkled;
The crickets chirped; the chores were done;
'T was just the time to have seen fun
Before the tea-bell tinkled.

They spat upon their hands and clinched,
Firm under hold and upper;
"Don't lift too hard, or lift too far,"
Says Matt; "or we may hit a star,
And not get back to supper!"

"Oh, no," says John; "we'll only lift
A few rods up, that's all,
To see the river and the town.
Now don't let go till we come down,
Or we shall catch a fall!

"Hold fast to me, now: one, two, three!
And up we go." They jerk,
They pull and strain, but all in vain!
A bright idea, and yet, 't was plain,
It somehow would n't work.

John gave it up; ah, many a John
  Has tried and failed as he did.
'T was a shrewd notion, none the less,
And still, in spite of ill success,
  It somehow has succeeded.

Kind nature smiled on that wise child,
  Nor could her love deny him
The large fulfilment of his plan,
Since he who lifts his brother man
  In turn is lifted by him.

He reached the starry heights of peace
  Before his head was hoary;
And now, at threescore years and ten,
The blessings of his fellow-men
  Waft him a crown of glory.

J. T. Trowbridge.

DESCRIPTIVE STYLE.

VIEW FROM MOUNT TYNDALL, CALIFORNIA.

THE serene sky is grave with nocturnal darkness. The earth blinds you with its light. That fair contrast we love in lower lands between bright heavens and dark cool earth here reverses itself with terrible energy.

You look up into an infinite vault, unveiled by clouds, empty and dark, from which no brightness seems to ray, an expanse with no graded perspective, no tremble, no vapory mobility, only the vast yawning of hollow space.

There is no sentiment of beauty in the whole scene; no suggestion, however far remote, of sheltered landscape; not even the air of virgin hospitality that greets us explorers in so many uninhabited spots, which, by their fertility and loveliness of grove or meadow, seem to offer man a home, or us nomads a pleasant camping-ground. Silence and desolation are the themes which nature has wrought out under this eternally serious sky.

A faint suggestion of life clings about the middle altitudes of the eastern slope, where black companies of pine, stunted from

breathing the hot desert air, group themselves just beneath the bottom of perpetual snow, or grow in patches of cloudy darkness over the moraines, those piles of wreck crowded from their pathway by glaciers long dead. There is something pathetic in the very emptiness of these old glacier valleys, these imperishable tracks of unseen engines. One's eye ranges up their broad, open channel to the shrunken white fields surrounding hollow amphitheatres which were once crowded with deep burdens of snow, — the birthplace of rivers of ice now wholly melted; the dry, clear heavens overhead blank of any promise of ever rebuilding them. I have never seen Nature when she seemed so little "Mother Nature" as in this place of rocks and snow, echoes and emptiness. It impresses me as the ruins of some by-gone geological period, and no part of the present order,— like a specimen of chaos which has defied the finishing hand of Time. The one overmastering feeling is desolation, desolation!

Next to this, and more pleasing to notice, is the interest and richness of the granite forms; for the whole region, from plain to plain, is built of this dense solid rock, and is sculptured under the chisel of cold in shapes of great variety, yet all having a common spirit, which is purely Gothic.

In the much discussed origin of this order of building, I never remember to have seen, though it can hardly have escaped mention, any suggestion of the possibility of the Gothic having been inspired by granite forms.

Yet, as I sat on Mount Tyndall, the whole mountains shaped themselves like the ruins of cathedrals,— sharp roof-ridges, pinnacled and statued; buttresses more spired and ornamented than Milan's; receding doorways with pointed arches carved into blank façades of granite,— doors never to be opened,— innumerable jutting points with here and there a single cruciform peak, its frozen roof and granite spires so strikingly Gothic that I cannot doubt the Alps furnished the models for early cathedrals of that order.

I thoroughly enjoyed the silence, which, gratefully contrasting with the surrounding tumult of form, conveyed to me a new sentiment. I have lain and listened through the heavy calm of a tropical voyage, hour after hour, longing for a sound; and in desert nights the dead stillness has many a time awakened me from sleep. For moments, too, in my forest life, the groves made

absolutely no breath of movement; but there is around these summits the soundlessness of a vacuum. The sea stillness is that of sleep; the desert, of death; this silence is like the waveless calm of space. — *Clarence King.*

Vivid and Pathetic Description.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
Her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flow did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,—
Had sailed the Spanish main,—
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear the hurricane—

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."
But the skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast,
He cut a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh, father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh, say! what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast,"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh, father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say! what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"Oh, father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh, say! what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land,
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from the deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove — and sank:
"Ho! ho!" the breakers roared.

At daybreak on a bleak sea beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this.
On the reef of Norman's Woe.— *Longfellow.*

DIDACTIC STYLE.

WORK.

(From *Past and Present.*)

"LABORARE EST ORARE—Work is Worship." Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel; work and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a Force for Work; — and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee! What is unmethodic waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable — obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject, not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity, and Thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness, attack it, I say: smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest, and it lives.

"Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

All true work is sacred: in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.

Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, martyrdoms — up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine!

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial body-guard of the Empire of mankind. To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind — as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my

son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return *Home*, in honor to thy far distant Home, in honor; doubt it not — if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain.* — *Thomas Carlyle.*

ORATORICAL STYLE.

WHAT ARE GREAT MEN?

FROM ADDRESS DELIVERED AT BOSTON, 4TH OF JULY, 1876.

WHO and what are great men? "Woe to the country," said Metternich to our own Ticknor, forty years ago, "whose condition and institutions no longer produce great men to manage its affairs."

But who and what are great men? "And now stand forth," says an eminent Swiss historian, who had completed a survey of the whole history of mankind, at the very moment when, as he says, "a blaze of freedom is just bursting forth beyond the ocean,"— "And now stand forth, ye gigantic forms, shades of the first chieftains, and sons of gods, who glimmer among the rocky halls and mountain fortresses of the ancient world; and you, conquerors of the world, from Babylon and from Macedonia; ye dynasties of Cæsars, Huns, Arabs, Moguls, and Tartars; ye Commanders of the Faithful on the Tigris, and Commanders of the Faithful on the Tiber; you hoary counsellors of kings and peers of sovereigns; warriors on the car of triumph, covered with scars and crowned with laurels; ye long rows of Consuls and Dictators, famed for your lofty minds, your unshaken constancy, your ungovernable spirit, stand forth, and let us survey, for awhile, your assembly, like a council of the gods! What were ye? The first among the mortals? Seldom can you claim that title! The best of men? Still fewer of you have deserved that praise! Were ye the compellers, the instigators of the human race, the prime movers of all their works? Rather let us say that you were the instruments, that you were the wheels, by whose means the Invisible Being has conducted the incomprehensible fabric of universal government across the ocean of time."

Instruments and wheels of the Invisible Governor of the Universe! This is indeed all which the greatest of men ever have been, or ever can be. No flatterers of courtiers; no adulation of the multitude; no audacity of self-reliance; no intoxications of success; no evolutions or developments of science can make more or other of them. This is the "sea-mark of their utmost sail"—the goal of their furthest run—the very round and top of their highest soaring.

Oh, if there could be, to-day, a deeper and more pervading impression of this great truth throughout our land, and a more prevailing conformity of our thoughts, and words, and acts to the lessons which it involves; if we could lift ourselves to a loftier sense of our relations to the Invisible; if, in surveying our past history, we could catch larger and more exalted views of our destinies and our responsibilities; if we could realize that the want of good men may be a heavier woe to a land than any want of what the world calls great men, our Centennial year would not only be signalized by splendid ceremonials, and magnificent commemorations, and gorgeous expositions, but it would go far towards fulfilling something of the grandeur of that "acceptable year," which was announced by higher than human lips, and would be the auspicious promise and pledge of a glorious second century of Independence and Freedom for our country!

The patriot voice which cried from the balcony of yonder old State-House, when the Declaration had been originally proclaimed, "stability and perpetuity to American Independence," did not fail to add, "God save our American States." I would prolong that ancestral prayer. There is, there can be, no independence of God; in Him as a nation, no less than in Him as individuals, "we live and move and have our being!" *God save our American States.—Robert C. Winthrop.*

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow;
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn; but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.

Questions for Thought-Analysis of the above Poem.

What kind of poetry is this? Give some account of the author. Did he witness the battle here described? In what year and season was it fought? Between what nations or people? Where is Hohenlinden? Meaning of the word? Meaning of the phrase "sun was low"? Describe the Iser. How pronounced? Derivation of

untrodden? Principal parts of verb lay? Explain the line "and dark as winter was the flow."

Was the battle fought by day or night? What commanded the fires of death? Meaning of phrase "fires of death"?

What is vividly pictured in the third and fourth stanzas? What kind of utterance would express the sense—slow or spirited? In fifth stanza what "fires" are meant? Meaning of third and fourth lines?

Define lurid. Dun. Who were the Franks? the Huns? Meaning of sulphurous? canopy? How express the bold command in seventh stanza? Where is Munich? Meaning of chivalry as applied in fourth line? How does the sentiment change in eighth stanza? Meaning of first line?

Marked for Rhetorical Pauses.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

THE world | hath its night. | It seemeth necessary | that it should have one. | The sun | shineth | by day, and men | go forth | to their labors; | but they grow weary, | and nightfall | cometh on, | like a sweet boon | from heaven. | The darkness | draweth the curtains, | and shutteth out the light, | which might prevent our eyes | from slumber; | while the sweet, | calm stillness | of the night | permits us | to rest | upon the lap | of ease, and there forget awhile our cares, | until the morning sun | appeareth, | and an angel | puts his hand | upon the curtain, and undraws it | once again, | touches our eyelids, | and bids us rise, | and proceed | to the labors | of the day. | Night | is one | of the greatest blessings | that men enjoy; | we have many reasons | to thank God | for it. | Yet night | is to many | a gloomy season. | There is "the pestilence | that walketh | in darkness;" | there is "the terror | by night;" | there is the dread of robbers | and of fell disease, | with all those fears | that the timorous know, | when they have no light | wherewith they can discern objects. | It is then | they fancy | that spiritual creatures | walk the earth; though, if they knew rightly, | they would find it | to be true, | that "Millions of spiritual beings | walk this earth, | unseen, | both when we sleep | and when we wake," | and that | at all times | they are round about us | — not more by night | than by day. | Night | is the season | of terror | and alarm | to most men. Yet | even night | hath its songs. | Have you never stood | by the sea-side | at night, | and heard the pebbles | sing, | and the waves | chant God's glories? | Or | have you never risen | from your couch, | and thrown up the window |

of your chamber, | and listened there? | Listened | to what? | Silence — save now and then | a murmuring sound, | which seems | sweet music | then. | And have you not fancied | you heard the harp | of God | playing | in heaven? | Did you not conceive, | that yon stars, | that those eyes | of God, | looking down | on you, | were also | mouths | of song — that every star | was singing God's glory, | singing, | as it shone, | of its mighty Maker, | and his lawful, | well-deserved praise? | Night | hath its songs. | We need not much poetry | in our spirit, | to catch the song | of night, | and hear the spheres | as they chant praises | which are loud | to the heart, | though they be silent | to the ear — the praises | of the mighty God, | who bears up the unpillared arch | of heaven, | and moves the stars | in their courses. — *C. H. Spurgeon.*

Marked for Inflections and Emphasis.

UNIVERSAL DECAY.

We receive such *repeated* intimations of *decay* in the world through which we are passing; *decline* and *change* and *loss follow decline* and *change* and *loss* in such *rapid* succession, that we can almost catch the *sound* of *universal wasting*, and *hear* the work of *desolation* going on *busily* around us. The *mountain* falling cometh to naught, and the *rock* is *removed* out of his place. The *waters wear* the *stones*, the things which grow out of the *dust* of the *earth* are washed away, and the *hope* of *man* is destroyed. *Conscious* of our own *instability*, we look about for something to *rest* on; but we look in *vain*. The heavens and the earth had a *beginning*, and they will have an *end*. The *face* of the *world* is *changing*, *daily* and hourly. *All animated things* grow *old* and *die*. The *rocks crumble*, the *trees fall*, the *leaves fade*, and the *grass* withers. The *clouds* are *flying*, and the *waters* are *flowing away* from us.

The *firmest works* of *man*, too, are *gradually giving way*; the

ivy clings to the *mouldering tower*, the *brier* hangs out from the *shattered window*, and the *wall-flower* springs from the *disjointed stones*.

The *founders* of these perishable works have shared the *same fate long ago*. If we look back to the days of our *ancestors*, to the *men* as well as the *dwellings* of former times, they become immediately *associated* in our imaginations, and only make the feeling of *instability stronger* and *deeper* than *before*. In the spacious domes, which once held our *fathers*, the *serpent hisses*, and the *wild bird* screams. The *halls*, which once were crowded with all that *taste* and *science* and *labor* could procure,—which *resounded* with *melody*, and were *lighted up* with *beauty*, are *buried* by their *own ruins*, *mocked* by their *own desolation*.

The voice of *merriment* and of *wailing*, the steps of the busy and the idle have *ceased* in the *deserted courts*, and the *weeds choke* the *entrances*, and the *long grass* waves upon the *hearth-stone*.

The *works of art*, the *forming hand*, the *tombs*, the very *ashes* they contained, are *all gone*.

And when we have gone *ourselves*, even our *memories* will not stay behind us *long*. A *few* of the near and dear will bear our likeness in their bosoms, till *they*, *too*, have arrived at the *end* of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of *unconsciousness*. In the thoughts of *others* we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, has *ceased* to *vibrate* in their ears. A *stone*, perhaps, may tell some wanderer *where* we *lie*, *when* we *came here*, and *when* we *went away*; but even *that* will soon *refuse* to bear us record: "*time's effacing fingers*" will be busy on its *surface*, and at length will wear it

smooth; and then the stone itself will *sink* or *crumble*, and the wanderer of *another* age will pass, without a single call upon his *sympathy*, over our *unheeded graves*.— *Greenwood.*

Illustrating Modulation in Emotional Language. (Marked for Expressive Tones, also for Inflections, Pauses, and Emphasis.)

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

High and slow. THERE was a sound | of *revelry* | by night,
And Belgium's capital | had gathered | then |
Moderate. Her beauty | and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps | shone | o'er *fair women* and *brave men:*
Loud and high. A *thousand hearts* | beat *happily*, and when
Gentle and slow. *Music* | arose | with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes | look'd *love* | to eyes | which spake again;
High. And *all* | went *merry* | as a *marriage bell:*
Soft, low and quick, aspirated chest tone. But HUSH! HARK!—a *deep sound* | strikes | like a rising *knell!*

Loud, high and quick. Did ye not HEAR it?
Loud and slow. No; 't was but the wind,
Or the *car* | rattling o'er the stony street;
Loud. *On* with the *dance!* let *joy* | be *unconfined;*
Quick and high. *No sleep* till *morn*, when *Youth* | and *Pleasure* | meet,
To chase the glowing hours | with flying feet—
Soft and low. But HARK!—*that heavy sound* | breaks in | *once more,*
As if the *clouds* | its *echo* | would *repeat;*

Increase force and rate. And *nearer*, *clearer*, DEADLIER than before!
Very loud, high and quick, aspirated. ARM!—ARM!—it *is*,—it *is*,—the *cannon's opening roar!*

Soft, low and quick. Aspirated. Ah! then and there | was *hurrying to* and *fro*,
And *gathering tears*, and *tremblings* of *distress*,
And *cheeks* all *pale*, which | but an *hour* ago |
Blush'd | at the *praise* | of their *own loveliness;*
Plaintive and tremulous. And there were *sudden partings*, such as press
The *life* | from out *young hearts*, and *choking sighs* |
Low and slow. Which ne'er might be *repeated;* who could guess |
If ever more | should *meet* those mutual eyes,
Plaintive, very low and slow. Since upon *night* | *so sweet*, such *awful morn* | could rise!

Loud and quick. And there was *mounting* | in *hot haste;* the *steed*,
The *mustering squadron*, and the *clattering car*,
Went *pouring forward* | with *impetuous speed*,
And *swiftly forming* | in the *ranks* of *war:*
Full chest tone, loud and slow. And the *deep thunder*, *peal* on *peal* | afar;
Increase rate. And *near*, the beat of the *alarming drum* |
Roused up the *soldier* | ere the *morning star;*
High. While *thronged* the *citizens* | with *terror dumb*,
Aspirated, explosive. Or whispering, | with white lips, | "The FOE! They COME, they COME!"

Loud and high. And *wild* | and *high* | the "*Cameron's gathering*" rose!
The *war-note* of *Lochiel*, which *Albyn's hills* |

Pure falsetto register. Have heard | and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;

Moderate, increasing in force. *How* | in the noon of night | that pibroch thrills,
Savage | and *shrill!* But with the breath which fills |
Their *mountain-pipe*, so fill the mountaineers |
With the fierce native daring | which instils |
The stirring memory | of a *thousand years;*

Very loud, high chest register. And *Evan's, Donald's* fame | *rings* | in each clansman's ears!

Soft, low and slow. And *Ardennes* | waves above them | her green leaves,—
Dewy, with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,

Plaintive, median stress. *Grieving*,—if aught *inanimate* | e'er grieves,—
Over the *unreturning brave*,—alas!

Very low and slow. Ere *evening* | to be trodden | like the grass |
Which *now* | *beneath* them, but *above* shall grow,

Increased force and rate. In its *next* verdure, when this fiery mass |
Of *living valor* | rolling | on the *foe*,

Soft and very low. And burning | with *high hope*, shall *moulder* | *cold* and *low*.

Full tone. *Last noon* | beheld them | *full* of *lusty life*,

Increasing *Last eve* | in *beauty's circle* | *proudly gay*,

Force. The *midnight* | brought the *signal sound* | of *strife*,

Loud. The *morn* | the *marshalling* in *arms*,—the day |

Full chest tone. *Battle's magnificently stern array!*

Low and slow. The *thunder-clouds* | *close o'er* it, which | when *rent*,
The *earth* | is covered *thick* | with *other* clay,

Very low. Which her *own* clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,

Very slow. *Rider* and *horse*,—*friend, foe*,—in *one* | *red* | *burial* |
blent.—*Byron.*

WARREN'S

READING SELECTIONS.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

LET us have faith. No; let us not allow ourselves to be crushed. To despair is to desert. Let us look at the future. The future — one does not know what tempests separate us from the port; but the port, radiant, though distant, is in view; the future, let us repeat it, is the Republic for all; let us add, the future is peace with all.

Let us not fall into the vulgar whim, and dishonor the century in which we live.

Erasmus called the sixteenth century the "excrement of the times," *fex temporum;* Bossuet thus characterizes the seventeenth century: "A time wicked and small;" Rousseau stigmatizes the eighteenth century in these terms: "This great rottenness in which we live." Posterity has decided against these illustrious minds. She has said to Erasmus, "The sixteenth century is grand;" she has said to Bossuet, "The seventeenth century is grand;" she has said to Rousseau, "The eighteenth century is grand." The infamy of these centuries must have been real, yet these strong men

were wrong in complaining. The thinker ought to accept with simplicity and calmness the centre in which Providence has placed him.

Whatever may be the shames of the present instant, whatever may be the blows by which the shifting gear of events may strike us, whatever may be the apparent desertion or the momentary lethargy of minds, none of us democrats will disown this magnificent epoch in which we live, the masculine age of humanity. Let us proclaim this aloud, let us proclaim it in our fall and in our overthrow, this century is the grandest of centuries; and do you know why? because it is the sweetest. This century, the immediate and the first issue of the French Revolution, freed the slave in America, elevated the pariahs in Asia, extinguished the funeral-pile in India, and crushed the last firebrands at the martyr's stake in Europe; is civilizing Turkey, is causing the gospel to penetrate even to the refutation of the Koran; elevates woman, subordinates the right of might to the might of right; suppresses piracies, softens suffering, makes the galleys wholesome, throws the red branding-iron into the sewer, condemns the death penalty, takes the ball from the foot of the galley-slave, abolishes corporal punishment, degrades and dishonors war, takes the edge away from the Dukes of Alva and the Charles the Ninths, tears out the claws of tyrants.

This century proclaims the sovereignty of the citizen and the inviolability of life; it crowns the people and consecrates man. In art it has all varieties of genius: writers, orators, poets, historians, publicists, philosophers, painters, statuaries, musicians, majesty, grace, power, strength, brilliancy, depth, color, form, style.

It reinvigorates itself at once in the real and in the ideal, and carries in its hand those two thunderbolts — the true and the beautiful.

In science it performs every miracle. It makes saltpetre out of cotton, of steam a horse, of the voltaic pile a workman, of the electric fluid a messenger, of the sun a painter; it waters itself with subterranean waters till it warms itself with central fire; it opens on the two infinities those two windows—the telescope on the infinitely great, the microscope on the infinitely little—and it finds in the first abyss stars, and in the second insects, which prove God to it. It suppresses duration, it suppresses space, it suppresses suffering; it writes a letter from Paris to London, and it has the answer in ten minutes; it amputates a man's thigh while the man is singing and smiling. It has only to realize — and it is close upon it — a progress which is nothing at the side of the other miracles which it has already done; it has only to find the means to propel in a mass of air a bubble of air still lighter; it has already secured the air-bubble, and it holds it imprisoned; it has only to find the impelling force, only to make the vacuum before the balloon, for example, only to burn the air before it, as the rocket would; it has only to resolve in some such way this problem, and it will resolve it. And do you know what will happen then? At that very azure, men are mingled in the heavens. Until this last progress, see the point to which this century has brought civilization.—*Victor Hugo.*

RAIN IN SUMMER.

HOW beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,

Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.
In the country on every side,
Where, far and wide,
Like a leopard's spotted and tawny hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil,
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air,
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain.

As the farmer scatters his grain,
He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With visions clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;

Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter;
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
  Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
  Has made the top of the wave his own;
And when the ship from his fury flies,
  When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
  And the demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below in the peaceful sea,
  The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
  Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

J. G. Percival.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

THE appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians.

The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat

penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am quite a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king. God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?" There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where 's Von Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point; — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man.

In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I 'm not myself — I 'm somebody else — that 's me yonder — no — that 's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they 've changed my gun, and everything 's changed, and I 'm changed, and I can't tell what 's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about

securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment, a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she; "the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out

from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

Washington Irving.

HOW'S MY BOY?

HO, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy — my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John —
He that went to sea —
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?

I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town;
There 's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How 's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I 'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no!
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton.'"—
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I 'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"—
"That good ship went down."

"How 's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I 'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how 's my John?"—
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How 's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?

I'm not their mother —
How's my boy — my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy — my boy?"

Sydney Dobell.

THE DJINNS.

TOWN, tower,
Shore, deep
Where lower
Cliffs steep;
Waves gray,
When play
Winds gay; —
All sleep.

Hark! a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night:
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright.

Now on 't is sweeping
With rattling beat,
Like dwarf imp leaping
In gallop fleet;
He flies, he prances,
In frolic fancies,

On wave-crest dances
With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each nearer burst!
Like the toll of bell
Of a convent cursed;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore,—
Now hushed, now once more
Maddening to its worst.

O God! the deadly sound
Of the Djinns' fearful cry!
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase fly!
See, see our lamplight fade!
And of the balustrade
Mounts, mounts the circling shade
Up to the ceiling high.

'T is the Djinns' wild streaming swarm
Whistling in their tempest flight;
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
Like a pine flame crackling bright.
Swift and heavy, lo, their crowd
Through the heavens rushing loud,
Like a livid thunder-cloud,
With its belt of fiery night!

Ha! they are on us, close without!
Shut tight the shelter where we lie!

With hideous din the monster rout,
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky!
The loosened rafter overhead
Trembles and bends like quivering reed;
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
As from its rusty hinge 't would fly!

Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and shriek!
The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed —
O Heaven! — descends my lowly roof to seek;
Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host.
Totters the house, as though, like dry leaf shorn
From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne,
Up from its deep foundations it were torn
To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

O Prophet! if thy hand but now
Save from these foul and hellish things,
A pilgrim at thy shrine I 'll bow,
Laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
Stream on my faithful door in vain,
Vainly upon my blackened pane
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

They have passed! — and their wild legion
Cease to thunder at my door;
Fleeting through night's rayless region,
Hither they return no more.
Clanking chains and sounds of woe
Fill the forests as they go;
And the tall oaks cower low,
Bent their flaming flight before.

On! on! the storm of wings
Bears far the fiery fear,
Till scarce the breeze now brings
Dim murmurings to the ear;
Like locusts' humming hail,
Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the pattering hail
On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne
Fitful mutterings still;
As, when Arab horn
Swells its magic peal,
Shoreward o'er the deep
Fairy voices sweep,
And the infant's sleep
Golden visions fill.

Each deadly Djinn,
Dark child of fright,
Of death and sin,
Speeds the wild flight.
Hark, the dull moan,
Like the deep tone
Of ocean's groan,
Afar, by night!

More and more
Fades it now,
As on shore
Ripples flow,—
As the plaint
Far and faint

Of a saint
Murmured low.

Hark! hist!
Around
I list!
The bounds
Of space
All trace
Efface
Of sound.

Victor Hugo. *Translation of John L. O'Sullivan.*

RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

THE following account of the relief of Lucknow was written by a lady, one of the rescued party: —

ON every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night.

I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, "her father would return from the ploughing." She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin'; it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!" Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor.

I felt utterly bewildered: my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, "Courage! courage! hark to the slogan — to the MacGregor, the grandest of them a'! Here's help at last!" To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would

be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line, "Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?"

At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the Sappers. No; it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promisè succor to their friends in need.

Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of "God save the Queen," they replied by

the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," etc. After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of "Auld Lang Syne."

JESSIE BROWN.

PIPES of the misty moorland,
Voice of the glen and hill,
The drone of highland torrent,
The song of lowland rill;
Not the braes of broom or heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain.

Dear to the lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear.
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain loch and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept,
Round and round the jungle serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.

"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow death 's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hopes became despair,
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear upon the ground,
"Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood,
The highland ear was true;
"Dinna ye hear it? 't is the slogan!
Will ye no believe it noo?"

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch;
She knew the Campbell's call.
"Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all?"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last,

Faint and far beyond the Goomtee,
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving,
Mingled woman's voice and man's:
"God be praised! The march of Havelock
And the piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan call,
Stirring all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full blithesomely and tenderly
The pipes of rescue blew.

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Round red Dowla's golden shrine,
Breathed the air to Briton's dearest,
The air of "Auld Lang Syne."
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and home-like strain,
And the tartan clove the turban
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain glen and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

J. G. Whittier.

APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

PAUL DENTON, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd walked up to him, and cried out: "Mr. Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where 's the liquor?"

"There!" answered the preacher, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at a spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life — pure, cold water; but in the green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play — there God brews it; and down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sunlight, where the storm-clouds brood and the thunder-storms crash; and far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music, and the mighty waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God — there He brews it, that beverage of life — health-giving water.

"And everywhere it is a thing of life and beauty —

whether gleaming in the dew-drop, pattering in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem till the trees all seem turned into living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a bright halo around the midnight moon, roaring in the cataract, sleeping in the glaciers, dancing in the hail-storm, folding its pearly white mantle gently about the wintry world, or weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of radiation — still always it is beautiful, that blessed life-water!

"There are no poison-bubbles on its brink! Its foam brings no sadness or sorrow! There are no blood-stains in its limpid glass! Broken-hearted wives, pale widows, and starving orphans shed no tears in its depths! No drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! But it is beautiful, pure, blest, and glorious! Give *me* forever the sparkling, pure, heavenly water!"

Paul Denton.

THE GRENADIERS.

TWO grenadiers travell'd towards France, one day,
On leaving their prison in Russia,
And sadly they hung their heads in dismay
When they reach'd the frontiers of Prussia.

For there they first heard the story of woe,
That France had utterly perish'd,
The grand army had met with an overthrow,
They had captured their Emperor cherish'd.

Then both of the grenadiers wept full sore
At hearing the terrible story;
And one of them said: "Alas! once more
My wounds are bleeding and gory."

The other one said: "The game 's at an end,
With thee I would die right gladly,
But I 've wife and child, whom at home I should tend,
For without me they 'll fare but badly.

"What matters my child, what matters my wife;
A heavier care has arisen;
Let them beg, if they 're hungry, all their lives —
My Emperor sighs in a prison!

"Dear brother, pray grant me this one last prayer;
If my hours I now must number,
O take my corpse to my country fair,
That there it may peacefully slumber.

"The legion of honor, with ribbon red,
Upon my bosom place thou,
And put in my hand my musket dread,
And my sword around me brace thou.

"And so in my grave will I silently lie,
And watch like a guard o'er the forces,
Until the roaring of cannon hear I,
And the trampling of neighing horses.

"My Emperor then will ride over my grave,
While the swords glitter brightly and rattle;
Then armed to the teeth will I rise from the grave,
For my Emperor hasting to battle."—*Heine.*

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

AT home or away, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "'T is some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly, "Ah! some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she hath strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made;
No matter what element cankered the pearl —
Though tarnished and sullied, she is "some mother's girl."

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin —
No matter how low in his standard of joy —
Though guilty and loathsome, he is "some mother's boy."

That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild;
For her sake deal gently with "some mother's child."

Francis L. Keeler.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

ALONE in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I 've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, nowhere to go.
The night 's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I 'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there 's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty and all things bright;
Beautiful children in robes so fair,
Are carolling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold, hard pavement alone to die? —
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And mammas have tucked them up safely in bed,
No dear mother upon me smiled;
Why is it, I wonder? I 'm nobody's child.

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them; 't is wondrous to see
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!

Perhaps 't is a dream; but, sometimes, when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things
Come fluttering o'er in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird —
The sweetest voice that was ever heard —
Calls me many a dear pet name
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame,

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above;
And then with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their soft, sweet blue eyes;
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I am going up to that world of light,
And away from the hunger and storm so wild;
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child. —*Anon.*

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

THE art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. If we pitch our expectations high; if we are arrogant in our pretensions; if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled; then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life! The whole globe is a museum to those who have eyes to see.

Rare plays are unfolded before every man who can read the drama of life intelligently. Not go to the theatres? Wicked to see plays? Every street is a theatre. One cannot open his eyes without seeing unconscious players. There are Othellos, and Hamlets, and Leahs, and Falstaffs, Ophelias, Rosalinds, and Juliets all about us. Midsummer-night dreams are performing in our heavens. Happy? A walk up and down Fulton street is as good as a play. The children, the nurses, the maidens, the mothers, the wealthy everybodies, the queer men, the unconscious buffoons, the drolls, the earnest nonsense, and the whimsical earnestness of men; the shop windows, the cars, the horses, the carriages. Bless us; there is not half time enough to enjoy all that is to be seen in these things! Or, if the mood takes you, go in and talk with the people, choosing, of course, fitting times and seasons.

Be cheerful yourself, and good-natured and respectful, and every man has a secret for you worth knowing. There is a schoolmaster waiting for you behind every door.

Every shopman has a look of life different from yours. Human nature puts on as many kinds of foliage as trees do, and is far better worth studying. Anger is not alike in any two men; nor pride, nor vanity, nor love. Every fool is a special fool, and there is no duplicate. What are trades and all kinds of business but laboratories where the ethereal thought is transmitted into some visible shape of matter? Men are cutting, sawing, filing, fitting, joining, polishing. But every article is so much mind condensed in matter. Work is incarnation. Nobody knows a city who only drives along its streets. There are vaults under

streets, cellars under houses, attics above, shops behind. At every step men are found tucked away in some queer work, doing unexpected things, themselves odd and full of entertaining knowledge.

It is kindly sympathy with human life that enables one to secure happiness. Pride is like an unsilvered glass, through which all sights pass, leaving no impression. But sympathy, like a mirror, catches everything that lives. The whole world makes pictures for a mirror-heart. The best of all is that a kind heart and a keen eye are never within the sheriff's reach. He may sequester your goods; but he cannot shut up the world or confiscate human life. As long as these are left, one may defy poverty, neglect of friends, and even to a degree misfortune and sickness, and still find hours brimful every day of innocent and nourishing enjoyment.—*H. W. Beecher.*

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,

Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that around him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade —
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay —
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm —
A cry of defiance, and not of fear —
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE CHURCH OF BROU.

THE CASTLE.

DOWN the Savoy valleys sounding,
Echoing round this castle old,
'Mid the distant mountain chalets,
Hark! what bell for church is toll'd?

In the bright October morning,
Savoy's Duke had left his bride;
From the castle, past the drawbridge,
Flow'd the hunters' merry tide.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering;
Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
From her mullion'd chamber casement
Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna by the Danube
Here she came, a bride, in spring;
Now the autumn crisps the forest,
Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hounds are pulling, prickers swearing,
Horses fret, and boar-spears glance;
Off! — They sweep the marshy forests,
Westward, on the side of France.

Hark! the game's on foot; they scatter: —
Down the forest ridings lone,
Furious, single horsemen gallop;
Hark! a shout — a crash — a groan!

Pale and breathless came the hunters,
On the turf dead lies the boar;
God! the Duke lies stretched beside him
Senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening,
Down the leaf-strewn forest road,
To the castle, past the drawbridge,
Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,
Ladies waiting round her seat,
Cloth'd in smiles, beneath the dais,
Sate the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unbarring!
Tramp of men and quick commands!
"'T is my lord come back from hunting,"—
And the Duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired came the hunters!
Stopp'd in darkness in the court:
"Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!
To the hall! What sport, what sport?"—

Slow they entered with their master,
In the hall they laid him down;
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains,
On his brow an angry frown.

Dead her princely youthful husband
Lay before his youthful wife;

Bloody 'neath the flaring sconces,
And the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna, by the Danube,
Kings hold revel, gallants meet;
Gay of old amid the gayest
Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna, by the Danube,
Feast and dance her youth beguil'd;
Till that hour she never sorrow'd,
But from then she never smil'd.

'Mid the Savoy mountain valleys,
Far from town or haunt of man,
Stands a lonely church, unfinish'd,
Which the Duchess Maud began.

Old, that Duchess stern began it,
In gray age, with palsied hands;
But she died as it was building,
And the church unfinish'd stands;

Stands as erst the builders left it,
When she sunk into her grave;
Mountain greensward paves the chancel,
Harebells flower in the nave.

"In my castle all is sorrow,"
Said the Duchess Marguerite then;
"Guide me, vassals, to the mountains!
We will build the church again."

Sandall'd palmers, faring homeward,
Austrian knights from Syria came;
"Austrian wanderers bring, O warders,
Homage to your Austrian dame."

From the gate the warders answered,
"Gone, O knights, is she you knew;
Dead our Duke, and gone his Duchess,
Seek her at the Church of Brou."

Austrian knights and march-worn palmers
Climb the winding mountain way;
Reach the valley, where the fabric
Rises higher day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing;
On the work the bright sun shines;
In the Savoy mountain meadows,
By the stream, below the pines.

On her palfrey white, the Duchess
Sate and watch'd her working train;
Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,
German masons, smiths from Spain.

Clad in black on her white palfrey,
Her old architect beside,
There they found her in the mountains,
Morn, and noon, and eventide.

There she sate and watch'd the builders,
Till the Church was roof'd and done;
Last of all, the builders rear'd her
In the nave a tomb of stone.

On the tomb two forms they sculptur'd,
Lifelike in the marble pale;
One, the Duke, in helm and armor,
One, the Duchess, in her veil.

Round the tomb the carv'd stone fret-work
Was at Easter-tide put on;
Then the Duchess closed her labors,
And she died at the St. John.

Matthew Arnold.

THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"God speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace —
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit —
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;

And from Mechlen church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood, black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track:
And one eye's black intelligence — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her;
We 'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongrés, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent. — *Robert Browning.*

INFLUENCE OF THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

AMERICA has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States held him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor of his country and its institutions.

I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, What character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime? and I doubt not that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be Washington!

The structure now standing before us, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no fit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives as pure as the serene heavens in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem.

Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city or a single state, but by all the families of man, ascends the colossal grandeur of the character and life of Washington.

In all the constituents of the one; in all the acts of

the other; in all its titles to immortal love, admiration and renown, it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our Transatlantic liberty.

Born upon our soil, of parents born upon it; never for a moment having had sight of the Old World; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provided for the children of the people; growing up beneath and protected by the genuine influence of American society; living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding but not luxurious civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our long agony of glory, the War of Independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution; he is all, all our own!

Washington is ours, that crowded and glorious life,

> "Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
> Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
> Ambitious to be seen; then making room
> For greater multitudes that were to come,"

that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the State, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies

that our forms of government are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples — to all these I reply by pointing to Washington.

D. Webster.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come, creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you 'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;

For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you 're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I 'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land;
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Sarah Roberts.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

In the battle of Sempach, in the fourteenth century, this martyr-patriot, perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together, opened, by this means, a passage for his fellow-combatants, who, with hammers and hatchets, hewed down the mailed men-at-arms, and won the victory.

MAKE way for liberty!" he cried—
Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;

Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland,
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke;
Marshalled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power!
All Switzerland is in the field —
She will not fly; she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,

And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him — Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done —
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed among them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly —
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all.

An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free —
Thus death made way for liberty!

James Montgomery.

HOW THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL'S WAS SAVED.

IT was long ago, ere ever the signal-gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their heart's desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jeweled crown;
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's rise

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall,—
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-round,
And last slow-fading vision dear to the outward bound.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as you will pray to-night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone;
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street;
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous stroke on stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in nameless dread,
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

For the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city were driven the surging crowd;
Where yet, firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the Church of St. Michael stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail,—
A cry of horror, blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings up-driven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand whitening lips;
Far out in the lurid harbor they watched it from the ships,—
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-the-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the periled city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard;
But they looked each one at his fellow; and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky,
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs
with his feet and his hands;
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry be-
neath him, he stands;
Now once, and once only, they cheer him, — a single
tempestuous breath, —
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like
the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the
goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face
of the spire.
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam
like a meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red
brand lies shattered and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the
quivering air:
At the church-door mayor and council wait with their
feet on the stair;
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch
of his hand, —
The unknown savior, whose daring could compass a
deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while
they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and
amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had periled his
life to save;
And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable
face of a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were
clear, not loud,
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the
eyes of the crowd: —
"You may keep your gold: I scorn it! — but answer
me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed
of a *man?*"

He stepped but a short space backward; and from all
the women and men
There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor
called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who
ran:
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from
its door a man.

MRS. SIDDONS.

MRS. SIDDONS, as an artist, presented a singular example of the union of all the faculties, mental and physical, which constitute excellence in her art, directed to the end for which they seemed created. In any other situation or profession, some one or other of her splendid gifts would have been misplaced or dormant.

It was her especial good fortune, and not less that of the time in which she lived, that this wonderful combination of mental powers and external graces was fully and completely developed by the circumstances in which she was placed.

With the most commanding beauty of face and form, and varied grace of action; with the most noble combination of features, and extensive capability of expression in each of them; with an unequalled genius for her art, the utmost patience in study, and the strongest ardor of feeling, there was not a passage which she could not delineate; not the nicest shade, not the most delicate modification of passion, which she could not seize with philosophical accuracy, and render with such immediate force of nature and truth, as well as precision, that what was the result of profound study and unwearied practice, appeared like sudden inspiration. There was not a height of grandeur to which she could not soar, nor a darkness of misery to which she could not descend; not a chord of feeling, from the sternest to the most delicate, which she could not cause to vibrate at her will. She had reached that point of perfection in her art where it ceases to be art, and becomes a second nature.

She had studied most profoundly the forms and capabilities of language, so that the most critical sagacity could not have suggested a delicacy of emphasis by which the meaning of the author might be more distinctly conveyed; or a shade of intonation by which the sentiment could be more fully or more faithfully expressed.

The grand characteristic of her mind was power, but it was power of a very peculiar kind; it was slowly roused, slowly developed, not easily moved; her perceptions were not rapid, nor her sensations quick; she required time for everything,—time to think, time to comprehend, time to speak. There was nothing superficial about her, no vivacity of manner; to petty

gossip she would not descend, and evil speaking she abhorred; she cared not to shine in general conversation.

Like some majestic "Argosie," bearing freight of precious metal, she was aground and cumbrous and motionless among the shallows of common life; but set her upon the deep waters of poetry and passion — there was her element, there was her reign. Ask her an opinion, she could not give it you till she had looked on the subject, and considered it on every side, — then you might trust to it without appeal. Her powers, though not easily put in motion, were directed by an incredible energy; her mind, when called to action, seemed to rear itself up like a great wave of the sea, and roll forwards with an irresistible force.

This prodigious intellectual power was one of her chief characteristics. Another was *truth*, which in the human mind is generally allied with power. It is, I think, a mistaken idea, that habits of impersonation on the stage tend to impair the sincerity or the individuality of a character.

Her mind was a perfect mirror of the sublime and beautiful; like a lake that reflected only the heavens above, or the summits of the mountains around, nothing below a certain level could appear in it. The ideal was her vital air. She breathed with difficulty in the atmosphere of this "working-day world," and withdrew from it as much as possible.

She was credulous, simple, to an extraordinary degree. Profession had, therefore, too much weight with her. She was accustomed to *manifestations* of the sentiments she excited, and in seeking the demon-

stration, sometimes overlooked the silent reality; this was a consequence of her profession.

She was not only exact in the performance of her religious duties; her religion was a pervading sentiment, influencing her to the strictest observance of truth and charity,— I mean charity in judging others; the very active and excursive benevolence which

"*Seeks* the duty, nay, *prevents* the need,"

would have been incompatible with her toilsome engrossing avocations, and with the visionary tendencies of her character. But the visionary has his own sphere of action, and can often touch the master springs of other minds, so as to give the first impulse to the good deeds flowing from *them*.

There are some who can trace back to the sympathies which Mrs. Siddons awakened, their devotedness to the cause of the suffering and oppressed. Faithfully did she perform the part in life which she believed allotted to her; and who may presume to judge that she did not choose the better part?

Mrs. Jameson.

THE LORE-LEI.

A witch, who, in the form of a lovely maiden, used to place herself on the remarkable rock called the Lurleyberg, overlooking the Rhine, and by her magic songs arresting the attention of the boatmen, lured them into the neighboring whirlpool.

I KNOW not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine,
The mountain peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair:

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above,

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run;
And this, with her magic singing,
The Lore-lei has done! — *Heine.*

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,— her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of Heaven;
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;

So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved — but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned — but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved — but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died — ay, they died; — we things that are now,
That walked on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye—'t is the draught of a breath—
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

CÆSAR'S PAUSE UPON THE RUBICON.

AN advocate of Cæsar's character, speaking of his benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes: "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river? Oh! but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished on the brink, ere he crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer — his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking measure of the blow — strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'T was that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! — what compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder as his weapon begins to cut!

Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile; rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar that stood upon the brink of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused! No

wonder if, in his imagination, wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs. No wonder if some Gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot. But, no! he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more.

J. S. Knowles.

HOME AND COUNTRY.

THERE is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest.
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

J. Montgomery.

MY COUNTRY.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim.
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O, Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood;

Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can ere untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems, as to me, of all bereft.
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray;
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

Walter Scott.

JOHN MAYNARD.

JOHN MAYNARD was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest, and intelligent man. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon — at that time those steamers seldom carried boats — smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out: "Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said:

"Captain, the ship is on fire." Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up, buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large

quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward, and inquired of the pilot: "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger! Here, see the smoke bursting out! Go forward, if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship.

John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain cried out through his trumpet: "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir."

"Head her southeast and run her on shore," said the captain.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time: "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will?"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled; his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he

stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to God.

J. B. Gough.

THE WRECK.

IT was broad day — eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging in lieu of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! close by!"

I sprang out of bed, and asked: "What wreck?"

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might, by this time, have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of, had been diminished by the silencing of half-a-dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled;* and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one

another, bore one another down and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, in the crowd and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves.

A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin as the ship rolled and beat — which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable — beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again.

I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast, uppermost the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way, I don't know how — for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand — that the lifeboat had been barely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw

them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him — as well as I know — to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me, and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea — exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight — awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerfully grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 't is come. If 't a'n't, I 'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I 'm a-going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered or what they rejoined; but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures

that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trowsers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist, another round his body, and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on, not like a sailor's cap, but of a fine color; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great returning wave, when with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast around his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water — rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free — or so I judged from the motion of his arm — and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged

foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet — insensible — dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

Charles Dickens.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O GOOD painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be over bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
  Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
  Under their tassels,— cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

These and the little house where I was born,
Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
  Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
  Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me.
Oh, if I only could make you see
  The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face,
  That are beaming on me all the while!
  I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
  She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me —
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 't is twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And, over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,

Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she would n't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think 't was solely mine, indeed:
But that 's no matter,—paint it so.
The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And, oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise,
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—

Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird at her knee,
But, oh that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

Alice Carey.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies,—
"Hark, O! Hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'T is odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot nor speck,—though still he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies,
"Ark, ho! Ark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"—such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;

Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies,—
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Mark, ho!"—such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies,—
"Ah go! ah go!"
"Charco'!"—"Ah go!"—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
Though dusky as an African,
'T is not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'!—charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds.

J. T. Trowbridge.

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sung together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is midday.

It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that will be green

in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall be lost in oblivion. It was the name of Washington.

Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasped his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands.

'T is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to another niche, again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is half worn away to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hand into the

same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment.

His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting, with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!"

The boy did n't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below.

Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all must be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife — his faithful knife — falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

'T is but a moment — there! one foot swings off — he is reeling — trembling — toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge,

has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words of God and mother whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting — such leaping and weeping for joy — never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity. — *Elihu Burritt.*

THE MAIN-TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

OLD Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein,
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;

No hold had he above, below,
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dared to go;
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed,— but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast,
In groups with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck,— he gasped,
"O God! thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son.
"Jump far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire!" he said;
"That only chance thy life can save!
Jump! jump, boy!"— he obeyed.

He sunk,— he rose,— he lived,— he moved,—
And for the ship struck out;
On board, we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
Then folded to his heart his boy,
And fainted on the deck.—*G. P. Morris.*

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.

SEBASTIAN GOMEZ, better known by the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, was one of the most celebrated painters of Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he was found painting, by his master, a St. Anne, and a holy Joseph, which are extremely beautiful, and others of the highest merit. The incident related occurred about the year 1630.

'T WAS morning in Seville; and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there;
Showing where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,
Rich, varied beauty. 'T was the study where
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long cherished art,
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care,
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart,
The language of the soul, the feeling of the heart.

The pupils came, and glancing round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch, so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seemed that there were given
To glow before his dazzled sight,
Tints and expressions warm from heaven.

'T was but a sketch — the Virgin's head —
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly beaming face;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate, yet blended grace —
A poet's brightest dream was there!

Murillo entered, and amazed,
On the mysterious painting gazed:
"Whose work is this? — speak, tell me! — he
Who to his aid such power can call,"
Exclaimed the teacher eagerly,
"Will yet be master of us all:
Would I had done it! — Ferdinand!
Isturitz! Mendez! — say, whose hand
Among ye all?" — With half-breathed sigh,
Each pupil answered, "'T was not I!"

"How came it then?" impatiently
Murillo cried; "but we shall see,
Ere long into this mystery.
Sebastian!"
At the summons came
A bright-eyed slave,
Who trembled at the stern rebuke
His master gave.
For, ordered in that room to sleep,
And faithful guard o'er all to keep,
Murillo bade him now declare
What rash intruder had been there,
And threatened — if he did not tell
The truth at once — the dungeon-cell.
"Thou answerest not," Murillo said;
(The boy had stood in speechless fear.)
"Speak on!" — At last he raised his head
And murmured, "No one has been here."
"'T is false!" Sebastian bent his knee,
And clasped his hands imploringly,
And said, "I swear it, none but me!"

"List!" said his master. "I would know
Who enters here; there have been found
Before, rough sketches strewn around,
By whose bold hand, 't is yours to show;
See that to-night strict watch you keep,
Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.
If on to-morrow morn you fail
To answer what I ask,
The lash shall force you — do you hear?
Hence! to your daily task."

. . . . .

'T was midnight in Seville; and faintly shone
From one small lamp, a dim uncertain ray
Within Murillo's study — all were gone
Who there, in pleasant tasks or converse gay,
Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.
'T was shadowy gloom and breathless silence, save,
That to sad thoughts and torturing fear a prey,
One bright-eyed boy was there — Murillo's little slave.

Almost a child — that boy had seen
Not thrice five summers yet,
But genius marked the lofty brow,
O'er which his locks of jet
Profusely curled; his cheek's dark hue
Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through
Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,
To Africa and Spain allied.

"Alas! what fate is mine!" he said.
"The lash, if I refuse to tell

Who sketched those figures — if I do,
  Perhaps e'en more — the dungeon-cell!"
He breathed a prayer to heaven for aid;
It came — for soon, in slumber laid,
He slept until the dawning day
Shed on his humble couch its ray.

"I'll sleep no more!" he cried; "and now,
  Three hours of freedom I may gain
Before my master comes; for then
  I shall be but a slave again.
Three blessed hours of freedom! how
Shall I employ them? — ah! e'en now
The figure on that canvas traced
Must be — yes, it must be effaced."

He seized a brush — the morning light
  Gave to the head a softened glow;
Gazing enraptured on the sight,
  He cried, "Shall I efface it? — No!
That breathing lip! that beaming eye!
Efface them? — I would rather die!"
The terror of the humble slave
  Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
Of the high feelings Nature gave —
  Which only gifted spirits know.

He touched the brow — the lip — it seemed
  His pencil had some magic power;
The eye with deeper feeling beamed —
  Sebastian then forgot the hour!
Forgot his master, and the threat
  Of punishment still hanging o'er him;

For, with each touch, new beauties met
And mingled in the face before him.

At length 't was finished; rapturously
He gazed — could aught more beauteous be! —
Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood,
Then started — horror chilled his blood!
His master and the pupils all
Were there e'en at his side!
The terror-stricken slave was mute —
Mercy would be denied,
E'en could he ask it — so he deemed,
And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered — for a space
They gazed upon that perfect face,
Each with an artist's joy;
At length Murillo silence broke,
And with affected sternness spoke —
"Who is your master, boy?"
"You, Señor," said the trembling slave.
"Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave,
Before that Virgin's head you drew?"
Again he answered, "Only you."
"I gave you none," Murillo cried.
"But I have heard," the boy replied,
"What you to others said."
"And more than heard," in kinder tone,
The painter said; "'t is plainly shown
That you have profited."

"What (to his pupils) is his meed?
Reward or punishment?"

"Reward, Reward!" they warmly cried
(Sebastian's ear was bent
To catch the sounds he scarce believed,
But with imploring look received).
"What shall it be?" They spoke of gold
And of a splendid dress;
But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
Silent and motionless.

"Speak!", said Murillo, kindly; "choose
Your own reward — what shall it be?
Name what you wish, I'll not refuse:
Then speak at once and fearlessly."
"Oh! if I dared!" — Sebastian knelt,
And feelings he could not control
(But feared to utter even then)
With strong emotion shook his soul.

"Courage!" his master said, and each
Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,
To sooth his overpow'ring dread.
He scarcely heard, till some one said,
"Sebastian — ask — you have your choice,
Ask for your *freedom!*" — At the word,
The suppliant strove to raise his voice:
At first but stifled sobs were heard,
And then his prayer — breathed fervently —
"Oh! master, make my *father* free!"
"Him and thyself, my noble boy!"
Warmly the painter cried;
Raising Sebastian from his feet,
He pressed him to his side.

"Thy talents rare, and filial love,
E'en more have fairly won;
Still be thou mine by other bonds —
My pupil and my son."

Murillo knew, e'en when the words
Of generous feeling passed his lips,
Sebastian's talents soon must lead
To fame that would his own eclipse;
And, constant to his purpose still,
He joyed to see his pupil gain,
Beneath his care, such matchless skill
As made his name the pride of Spain.

Susan Wilson.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

THE Yosemite! as well interpret God in thirty-nine articles as portray it to you by word of mouth or pen. As well reproduce castle or cathedral by a stolen frieze or broken column, as this assemblage of natural wonder and beauty by photograph or painting. The overpowering sense of the sublime, of awful desolation, of transcending marvellousness and unexpectedness, that swept over us, as we reined our horses sharply out of green forests and stood upon high jutting rock that overlooked this rolling, upheaving sea of granite mountains, holding far down its rough lap this vale of beauty of meadow and grove and river,— such tide of feeling, such stoppage of ordinary emotions comes at rare intervals in life. It was the confrontal of God, face to face, as in great danger, in

solemn, sudden death. It was Niagara magnified. All that was mortal shrank back, all that was immortal swept to the front and bent down in awe.

And here we have wandered and wondered and worshipped for four days. Under sunshine and shadow; by rich mellow moonlight; by stars opening double wide their eager eyes; through a peculiar August haze, delicate, glowing, creamy, yet hardly perceptible as a distinct element, — the New England Indian summer haze doubly refined,—by morning and evening twilight across camp-fires; up from beds upon the ground; through all the watches of the night, have we seen these, the great natural wonders and beauties of this Western world. Indeed, it is not too much to say that no so limited space in all the known world offers such majestic and impressive beauty. Niagara alone divides honors with it in America. Only the whole of Switzerland can surpass it. No one scene in all the Alps can match this before me now in the things that mark the memory and impress all the scenes for beauty and sublimity.

The one distinguishing feature is a double wall of perpendicular granite, rising from half a mile to a mile in height, and inclosing a valley not more than half a mile in width on the average, and from ten to fifteen miles in length. It is a fissure, a chasm, rather than a valley, in solid rock mountains; there is not breadth enough in it for even one of its walls to lie down; and yet it offers all the fertility, all the beauties of a rich valley. There is meadow with thick grass; there are groves of pine and oak, the former exquisite in form and majestic in size, rising often to two hundred and two hundred and fifty feet; there are thickets

of willow and birch, bay trees and dog-wood, and various flowering shrubs; primrose and cowslip and golden rod and violet and painted cup, more delicate than Eastern skies can welcome, make gay garden of all the vacant fields now in August; the aroma of mint, of pine and fir, of flower loads the air; the fern family find a familiar home everywhere; and winding in and out among all flows the Merced River, so pure and transparent that you can hardly tell where the air leaves off and the water begins, rolling rapidly over polished stones or soft sands, or staying in wide, deep pools that invite the bather and the boat, and holding trout only less rich and dainty than the brook trout of New England. The soil, the trees, the shrubs, the grasses and the flowers of this little valley are much the same in general character and variety as those of your Connecticut River valleys; but they are richer in development and greater in numbers. They borrow of the mountain fecundity and sweetness; and they are fed by summer rains as those of other California valleys rarely are. . . .

The one great conspicuous object of the valley is a massive, two-sided wall, standing out into and over the meadow, yellowish gray in color, and rising up into the air unbroken. Square, perpendicular, for *full three-quarters of a mile.* It bears in Spanish and Indian the name of the Great Jehovah, and it is easy to believe that it was an object of worship by the barbarians, as it is not difficult for civilization to recognize the Infinite in it, and impossible not to feel awed and humbled in its presence.

In other places these mountain walls of rock take similar and only less majestic shapes; while as fre-

quently they assume more poetical and fantastic forms. Here and there are grand massive domes, as perfect in shape as your State-house dome, and bigger than the entire of a dozen State-houses. The highest rock of the valley is a perfect half-dome, split sharp and square in the middle, and rising more than a mile, or near six thousand feet, over the little lake which perfectly mirrors its majestic form at its foot. Perfect pyramids take their places in the wall; then these pyramids come in families, and mount away one after and above the other, as "The Three Brothers," "The Cathedral Rocks," and "The Cathedral Spires" — uniting the great impressiveness, the beauty and the fantastic form of the Gothic architecture. . . . .

Over the sides of the walls pour streams of water out of narrower valleys; still above, and yet higher and far away, rise to twelve and thirteen thousand feet the culminating peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, with still visible fields of melting snows. All forms and shapes and colors of majesty and beauty cluster around this narrow spot. It seems created the home of all that is richest in inspiration for the heroic in life, for poetry, for painting, for imaginative religion.

The water-falls of the valley, though a lesser incident in all its attractions, offer much that is marvellous and beautiful.

In the main portion of the valley the Bridal Veil is the first conspicuous fall — now a dainty rivulet, starting over a precipice nine hundred feet high, but nearly all lost at once in delicate spray that sways and scatters in the light breeze, and fastens upon the wall, as sign of its being and its beauty, the fabled rainbow of promise.

Further up you see the Yosemite Fall, distinguished for its height, the greatest of any yet discovered in the world. It is broken about two-thirds the way down its high wall of rock by projecting masses of the mountain, giving it several hundred feet of cataract passage; but counting its whole fall, from top to bottom, it is two thousand six hundred feet in height, which is only fifteen times as high as Niagara Falls.

The valley above this point separates into two or three narrow cañons, and then are soon walled in by the uprising rocks; at the end of one of these, the main branch of the river falls from its upper fountains over two walls, one three hundred and fifty feet high, and the other seven hundred, at points half a mile apart. The lower and shorter fall is called the Vernal, and pours down its whole height without a break, and forms at the base a most exquisite circular rainbow, one of the rarest phenomena in all nature. The upper fall bears the name of Nevada. This is the fall of falls; there is no rival to it here in exquisite, various, fascinating beauty; and Switzerland, which abounds in water-falls of like type, holds none of such peculiar charms. For half the distance between the two falls, the river runs swift over a solid plane of granite clean and smooth as ice, as if Neptune was on a grand sliding down-hill frolic.

. . . . . .

The name that has attached to this beautiful valley is both unique and euphonious—Yosemite! It is Indian for Grizzly Bear, and probably was also the name of a noted chief who reigned over the Indians in this their favorite retreat. The foot of the white

man never trod its limits; the eye of the white man never looked upon its sublime wonders till 1851, when he came here in pursuit of the Indians, with whom the settlers were then at war. The red men had boasted that their retreat was secure; that they had one spot which their enemies could never penetrate; and here they would gather in and enjoy their spoils unmolested. But to the white man's revenge was now added the stimulus of curiosity; and hither he found his way, and, coming to kill and exterminate, he was stayed, and will forever henceforth stay, to wonder and worship.— *Samuel Bowles.*

TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,— thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'T is the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand

To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and my Italy;
  To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
  Are in the heart, and heed not space or time.
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Lybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,—
  Of meadows where, in sun, the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
  The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind,— of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap,— and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
  The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
  Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joys its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show.
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.—*J. R. Lowell.*

FOREST LEAVES.

I TAKE increasing delight, on these mountain rambles, in studying the symmetry and varieties of the forest leaves, to learn nature's wealth of resources as to graceful form, within narrow boundaries. An eye that is sensitive to the grace of curves and parabolas and oval swells, will marvel at the feast which a day's walk in the woods will supply from the trees, the grasses, and the weeds, in the varying outlines and notchings and veinings and edgings of leaves. They stand for the art of sculpture in botany, representing more the intellectual delight of nature in form, as the flowers express rather the companion art of painting. Leaves are the Greek, flowers the Italian phase, of the plastic genius that works through the Flora of the world.

I do not know any kind of a museum that would attract me more than an exhaustive collection of leaves. Would it not be a privilege that would unseal, in some measure, the dullest eye, to look, in one day, over the whole scale of nature's foliage — from the

feathery spray of the moss to the tough texture on the Amazon lily's stem, that will float a burden of a hundred weight; from the bristles of the pine-tree to the Ceylon palm-leaf that will shield a family with its shade? Would it not astonish us into something like reverent admiration, if we could see how the general geometry of verdure is broken into ten thousand patterns; if we could sweep the gradations of nature's green, as it is distilled from arctic and temperate and tropic light, and varied by some shade on every leaf that grows; if we could see all the textures of the drapery woven out of salts and water in botanic looms, from the softest silk of the corn to the broad tissue of the banana's stalk; if we could see displayed in wide masses all the hues with which autumn dyes the leaves of our own forests, as though every square mile had been steeped in the aerial juices of a gorgeous sunset? To say nothing of the natural theology that is exhaled from these lungs of the vegetable world, would not the forms into which the foliage of the planet is broken, and the marvellous subtility of the tintings it reveals, make a museum of leaves as engaging a school for the education of the intellect as a collection of all vertebræ, or a representative conservatory of the globe? — *Boston Transcript.*

OUR FOLKS.

HI! Harry Holly! Halt, — and tell
A fellow just a thing or two;
You 've had a furlough, been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do.

It 's months ago since I was there, —
I and a bullet from Fair Oaks.
When you were home, — old comrade, say,
Did you see any of our folks?

"You did? Shake hands, — O, ain't I glad;
For if I do look grim and rough,
I 've got some feelin' ——
People think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough;
But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie afield,
One 's apt to think about his folks.

"And so you saw them — when? and where?
The old man — is he hearty yet?
And mother — does she fade at all?
Or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And Sis? — has she grown tall?
And did you see her friend — you know
That Annie Moss ——
(How this pipe chokes!)
Where did you see her? — tell me, Hal,
A lot of news about our folks.

"You saw them in the church — yet say;
It 's likely, for they 're always there.
Not Sunday? no? A funeral? Who?
Who, Harry? how you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out.
What ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?

Why don't you tell me, like a man,
What is the matter with our folks?"

"I said all well, old comrade, true;
I say all well, for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in his arms,
Before the sun goes to the west,
The axe-man Death deals right and left,
And flowers fall as well as oaks;
And so ——
Fair Annie blooms no more!
And that's the matter with your folks.

"See, this long curl was kept for you;
And this white blossom from her breast;
And here — your sister Bessie wrote
A letter, telling all the rest.
Bear up, old friend."
Nobody speaks;
Only the old camp-raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper:
"Boys, be still;
There's some bad news from Granger's folks."

He turns his back — the only foe
That ever saw it — on this grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears
Kind nature sends to woe's relief.
Then answers he:
"Ah, Hal, I'll try;
But in my throat there's something chokes,
Because you see, I've thought so long
To count her in among our folks.

I s'pose she must be happy now,
But still I will keep thinking too,
I could have kept all trouble off
By being tender, kind, and true.
But maybe not. She 's safe up there,
And when the Hand deals other strokes,
She 'll stand by Heaven's gate I know,
And wait to welcome in our folks."

Ethel Lynn.

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

IT was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the woods scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat in yonder fields frostened into snowy ripeness. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle-barrel; on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful, as he watched the evolutions of the two armies. But all at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags — this of the stars, that of the red cross — tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded with leaden folds, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart.

Suddenly Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood came a rider,

upon a black horse, rushing toward the distant battle. There was something in the appearance of this horse and his rider that struck them with surprise Look! he draws his sword; the sharp blade quivers through the air; he points to the distant battle, and lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there, through intervals of cannon-smoke, you may see riding madly forward that strange soldier, mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in that cannon's glare, and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff. Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that strange soldier and that noble black horse dashing, like a meteor, down the long columns of battle?

Let us look for a moment into those clouds of battle. Over this thick hedge bursts a band of American militiamen, their rude farmer coats stained with blood, while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of red-coat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light. In this moment of their flight, a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of these broad-shouldered militiamen. "Now, cowards! advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down." This appeal was not without its effect. Their leader

turns, his comrades, as if by one impulse, follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance. "Now upon the rebels, charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the soil, and some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown. That black horse springs forward, followed by the militiamen. Then a confused conflict — a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped around the rider of the black horse, greeting him with cheers.

Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemus's Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep — that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field. But look yonder! In this moment, when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat and dust and blood; he lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulder, and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seizes his rifle and starts to-

ward the rock. And now look! now hold your breath, as that black steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! no! Still on, still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now British cannon pour your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can! For look! there in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by an hundred balls; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon-ball.

Who was the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. That wound was received in the storming of Quebec. *That rider of the black horse was — Benedict Arnold.* *Charles Sheppard.*

MABEL MARTIN.

IT was the pleasant harvest-time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,
And the old swallow-haunted barns —
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight streams —
Are filled with summer's ripened stores,

Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.
And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.
They took their places; some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!—
On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!
And jests went round, and laughs that made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl.

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river-valley ever heard
From lip of maid or throat of bird;
For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.
She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree.
Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone.
Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.
And still her weary wheel went round,
Day after day, with no relief:
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.
But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.
And only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,
Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.
"Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.
Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And witch or not, God knows,— not I.
I know who swore her life away;
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's; and his word was law.
None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
"The little witch is evil-eyed!
Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
White in the moonlight's silver rain.
She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low, despairing cry
Of utter misery: "Let me die!
Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach!

"I dare not breathe my mother's name:
A daughter's right I dare not crave
To weep above her unblest grave!
Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.
O God! have mercy on Thy child,
Whose faith in Thee grows weak and small,
And take me ere I lose it all."

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.
Had then God heard her? Had He sent
His angel down? In flesh and blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:
"Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.
You know rough Esek Harden well;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is mixed with gray,
The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled
Upon his knees a little child!"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.
"O truest friend of all!" she said;
"God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot!"

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.
"Good friends and neighbors!" Esek said,
"I'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!

"She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.
Henceforth she stands no more alone:
You know what Esek Harden is;—
He brooks no wrong to him or his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung,
That ever made the old heart young!
For now the lost has found a home
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all the household joys return!

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!
On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength, it fell;
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

Abridged. *J. G. Whittier.*

SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE II.—*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the

lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that 's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself; I am much afraid he would house me in a smithy.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me choose:" he hears merry tales and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher, when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine. He is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should

marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? how oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round-hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you would refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set

a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now! What news?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good

a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.

Sirrah, go before. Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.—*Exeunt.*

Shakespeare.

BENNIE AND BLOSSOM.

IT was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it towards Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER: — When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Towards night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I *would* take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until — well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, rever-

ently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep *carelessly* at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances—'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him, father; he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and cry to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with him and my Saviour in a better — better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen," he said solemnly, "Amen."

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop, waiting for me; but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer.

Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell where and why she had gone.

In an incredibly short time Blossom reached the Capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want, so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir; and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face

towards his. How tall he seemed! and he was President of the United States, too. A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "*Send this dispatch at once.*"

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or — wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon the shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home.

A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "*The Lord be praised.*"

From the "New York Observer."

THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

WHEN troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens and shrink from its strife;
When its fruits, turned to ashes, are mocking my taste,
And its fairest scenes seem but a desolate waste,
Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer,
With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear,—
No pity I ask, and no counsel I need.
But bring me, O bring me, my gallant young steed,
With his high-arched neck, and his nostrils spread wide,
His eyes full of fire, and his step full of pride!
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength of my spirit returneth again!
The bonds are all broken that fettered my mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind;
My pride lifts its head, for a moment bowed down,
And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown!

Now we're off, like the winds to the plains whence they came,
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame!
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod!
On, on like a deer, when the hound's early bay
Awakes the wild echoes, away and away!
Still faster, still farther, he leaps at my cheer,
Till the rush of the startled air whirs in my ear!
Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track,—
See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back!

Now a glen, dark as midnight, —what matter? — we 'll
down,
Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us
frown!
The thick branches shake as we 're hurrying through,
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!

What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand
Such a steed in the might of his strength may com-
mand!
What a glorious creature! Ah! glance at him now,
As I check him awhile on this green hillock's brow!
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,
And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play!
Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in ire,
Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire!
Ho! a ditch! — Shall we pause? No; the bold leap
we dare,
Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through the air!
Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,
Not the 'wildering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
Nor the sail high heaving the waters o'er,
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed. — *Grace Greenwood.*

THE MONSTER CANNON.

THEY heard a noise unlike anything usually heard. The cry and the noise came from inside the vessel. One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had become detached.

This, perhaps, is the most formidable of ocean events. Nothing more terrible can happen to a war vessel, at sea and under full sail.

A cannon which breaks its moorings becomes abruptly some indescribable, supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass runs on its wheels, like billiard-balls, inclines with the rolling, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, stops, seems to meditate, resumes its course, shoots from one end of the ship to the other like an arrow, whirls, steals away, evades, prances, strikes, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a ram which capriciously assails a wall. Add this — the ram is of iron, the wall is of wood. This furious bulk has the leaps of the panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the pertinacity of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the silence of the sepulchre. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its whirlings are suddenly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How shall an end be put to this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind goes down, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire put out; but what shall be done with this enormous brute of bronze? How try to secure it? You can reason with a bulldog, astonish a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; no resource with such a monster as a

loose cannon. You cannot kill it: it is dead; and at the same time it lives with a sinister life which comes from the infinite. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This exterminator is a plaything. The horrible cannon struggles, advances, retreats, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts expectation, grinds obstacles, crushes men like flies.

The carronade, hurled by the pitching, made havoc in the group of men, crushing four at the first blow; then receding and brought back by the rolling, it cut a fifth unfortunate man in two, and dashed against the larboard side a piece of the battery which it dismounted. Then came the cry of distress which had been heard. All the men rushed towards the ladder. The battery was emptied in a twinkling of an eye.

The captain and lieutenant, although both intrepid men, had halted at the head of the ladder, and dumb, pale, hesitating, looked down into the lower deck. Some one pushed them to one side with his elbow and descended.

It was an old man, a passenger.

Once at the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

Hither and thither along the lower deck came the cannon. One might have thought it the living chariot of the Apocalypse.

The four wheels passed and repassed over the dead men, cutting, carving, and slashing them, and of the five corpses made twenty fragments which rolled across the battery; the lifeless heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood wreathed on the floor following the rolling of the ship. The ceiling, damaged in several places, commenced to open a little. All the vessel was filled with a monstrous noise.

The captain promptly regained his presence of mind, and caused to be thrown into the lower deck all that could allay and fetter the unbridled course of the cannon,— mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, rolls of cordage, bags of equipments, and bales of counterfeit assignats, of which the corvette had a full cargo.

But of what avail these rags? Nobody daring to go down and place them properly, in a few minutes they were lint.

There was just sea enough to make the accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the cannon upside down, and, once the four wheels were in the air, it could have been mastered. As it was, the havoc increased. There were chafings and even fractures in the masts, which, jointed into the frame of the keel, go through the floors of vessels and are like great round pillars. Under the convulsive blows of the cannon, the foremast had cracked, the main-mast itself was cut. The battery was disjointed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were *hors de combat;* the breaches in the sides multiplied, and the corvette commenced to take in water.

The old passenger who had gone down to the lower deck seemed a man of stone at the bottom of the ladder. He cast a severe look on the devastation. He did not stir. It seemed impossible to take a step in the battery.

They must perish, or cut short the disaster; something must be done, but what?

What a combatant that carronade was!

That frightful maniac must be stopped.

That lightning must be averted.

That thunder-bolt must be conquered.

The captain said to the lieutenant:

"Do you believe in God, Chevalier?"

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In the tempest?"

"Yes. And in moments like these."

"In reality, God only can rid us of this trouble."

Outside, the billows beating the vessel answered the blows of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

All of a sudden, in that kind of unapproachable circuit wherein the escaped cannon bounded, a man appeared, with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of the catastrophe, the chief gunner, guilty of negligence and the cause of the accident, the master of the carronade. Having done the harm, he wished to repair it. He had grasped a handspike in one hand, some gun-tackle with a slip knot in the other, and jumped upon the lower deck.

Then a wild exploit commenced; a Titanic spectacle; the combat of the gun with the gunner; the battle of matter and intelligence; the duel of the animate and the inanimate.

The man had posted himself in a corner, and with his bar and rope in his two fists, leaning against one of the riders, standing firmly on his legs which seemed like two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, as though rooted to the floor, he waited.

He was waiting for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that it must know him. He had lived for some time with it. How many times he had thrust his hand into its jaws! It was his tamed monster. He commenced talking to it as he would to his dog.

"Come," said he. He loved it maybe.

He seemed to wish that it would come towards him.

But to come towards him would be to come upon him. And then he was lost. How avoid the crush? That was the question. All looked upon the scene, terrified.

Not a breast breathed freely, except, perhaps, that of the old man who alone was on the lower deck with the two combatants, a sinister witness.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He stirred not.

Under them the blinded sea directed the combat.

At the moment when, accepting this dreadful hand-to-hand encounter, the gunner challenged the cannon, a chance rolling of the sea kept it immovable as if stupefied. "Come, then!" said the man. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it jumped towards him. The man escaped the shock.

The struggle began. Struggle unheard of. The fragile wrestling with the invulnerable. The monster of flesh attacking the brazen beast. On one side force, on the other a soul.

All this was passing in a shadow. It was like the indistinct vision of a prodigy.

A soul! a strange thing! one would have thought the cannon had one also, but a soul of hate and rage. This sightless thing seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to watch the man. There was — one would have thought so, at least — cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It was a kind of gigantic insect of iron, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. At times this colossal grass-

hopper would strike the low ceiling of the battery, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger on its four claws, and commence again to dart upon the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, writhed like an adder in guarding against all these lightning-like movements. He avoided encounters, but the blows he shunned were received by the vessel, and continued to demolish it.

An end of broken chain had remained hanging to the carronade. One end of it was fastened to the carriage. The other, free, turned desperately around the cannon and exaggerated all its shocks. The chain, multiplying the blows of the ram by its lashings, caused a terrible whirl around the cannon,—an iron whip in a fist of brass,—and complicated the combat.

Yet the man struggled. At times, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon; he crouched along the side, holding his bar and his rope; and the cannon seemed to understand, and, as though divining a snare, fled. The man, formidable, pursued it.

Such things cannot last long. The cannon seemed to say all at once: "Come! there must be an end to this!" and it stopped. The approach of the denouement was felt. The cannon, as in suspense, seemed to have, or did have,—because to all it was like a living thing,—a ferocious premeditation. Suddenly, it precipitated itself on the gunner. The gunner drew to one side, let it pass, and called to it, laughing: "Try again." The cannon, as though furious, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized again by the invisible sling which held it, bounded to starboard towards the man, who escaped. Three carronades sunk down under the pressure of the cannon; then, as though blind, and

knowing no longer what it was doing, it turned its back to the man, rolled backward and forward, put the stem out of order, and made a breach in the wall of the prow. The man had taken refuge at the foot of the ladder, a few steps from the old man who was present. The gunner held his handspike at rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and without taking the trouble to turn around, fell back on the man with the promptness of an axe-stroke. The man if driven against the side was lost. All the crew gave a cry.

But the old passenger, till then immovable, sprang forward, more rapidly than all those wild rapidities. He had seized a bale of false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, he had succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the cannon. This decisive and perilous movement could not have been executed with more promptness and precision by a man accustomed to all the manœuvres of sea-gunnery.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble stops a bulk; a branch of a tree diverts an avalanche. The cannon stumbled. The gunner in his turn, taking advantange of this terrible juncture, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon stopped. It leaned forward. The man using his bar as a lever, made it rock. The heavy mass turned over, with the noise of a bell tumbling down, and the man, rushing headlong, trickling with sweat, attached the slip-knot of the gun-tackle to the bronze neck of the conquered monster.

It was finished. The man had vanquished. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pigmy had made a prisoner of the thunderbolt.—*Victor Hugo.*

"GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA."

THE words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand, and looked down the stairs: "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa;" and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up, for, strange to say, this man, who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand.

With unutterable tenderness, God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to him, the purchase of his Son; he could not see him perish, and, calling a swift messenger, he said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe"? — a silvery plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's

heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling;" but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma. Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother as she took the small hand. Another kiss, and the father turned away; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma;" and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide-open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth — Jessie was smitten with the fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easy said; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had never seen before. He knew the message was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart: "A light case! the doctor says, 'Pet will soon be well.'"

Calmly, as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried, "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie 's too sick; can't say good-night, papa — in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots with the print of the feet just as she last wore them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call. — *From American Messenger.*

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;

Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin, —
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh! these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant as others have done,

But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught *me* the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

Charles Dickens.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible, swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on. *Julia Ward Howe.*

LAST INAUGURAL OF LINCOLN.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for extended address than there was at first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed fitting and proper. Now at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in this city seeking to destroy it without war — seeking to dissolve the

Union and divide its effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend the interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and prayed to the same God, and each invoked his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purpose. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which, in the provi-

dence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still must it be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

A GOOD dame looked from her cottage
At the close of a pleasant day,
And cheerily called her little son
Outside the door at play.
"Come, Peter! come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,

To the hut of the blind old man
Who lives across the Dike, for me,
And take these cakes I have made for him,
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turns to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband
Working hard at the sluices all day long;
And set the turf ablazing,
And brought the coarse black bread,
That he might find a fire at night.
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister, who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade,
And told them they would see him back
Before they saw a star in sight;
Though he would n't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He would do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he would n't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a boy in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm.

And now with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day,
With the thought of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way,
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome way.
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent,
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now as the day was sinking,
And the wind began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes,
And saw the shadows deepen,
And the birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said, "He will come at morning;
So I need not fret or grieve,
Though it isn't like my boy at all,
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the Dike, while the sun was up,
An hour before the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound
Of the angry waves as they dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.

"Ah, well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong;
My father tends them carefully,
Or they would n't hold you long.

"You 're a wicked sea," said Peter,
"I know you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes,
But the sluices keep you safe."
But, hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a clear, low, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And stealing through the sand
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.

'Tis a Leak in the Dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he had learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A Leak in the Dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear;
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear;
For he knows that the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea,
When loosed to its angry might.

And the boy he has seen the danger,
And shouting a wild alarm,

He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm.
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh,
And lays his head to the ground to catch
The answer to his cry;
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
The waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor;
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post.

So faintly calling and crying,
Till the sun is under the sea,
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company.
He thinks of his brother and sister
Asleep in their safe, warm bed,
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying — and dead,
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last,
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light;
For the thought of little Peter
Has been with her all night.

And now she watches the pathway,
As yestereve she had done;
But what does she see, so strange and black,
Against the rising sun!
Her neighbors are bearing between them,
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he came before.

"He is dead!" she cries, "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears;
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife:
"Give thanks; your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life."
So there in the morning sunshine,
They knelt beside the boy,
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'T is many a year since then,
But still, when the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what boys can do
Who are brave, and true, and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter
Whose courage saved the land.
They have many a valiant hero
Remembered through the years,
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears;

And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
As long as the Dikes of Holland
Divide that land from the sea.

Phœbe Cary.

EARL BORTHWICK'S DECREE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

CALL hither my daughter Isabel;
Now, Murray, I speak it so,
Carry my bairn to North Berwick Law,
Or here thy suit forego."

Loud laughed the Lord of Marshall's mead;
"I bear no maid!" said he,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"A craven's boast is quickly said!"
The heir of Coburn cried;
"Come, Isabel! thou art fit one
That I should make my bride!

"Throw off thy shoes, my pretty bird,
Thy girdle, and pearl necklace;
A pin's point almost weighs a pound,
Before I end my race!

"For to the top of North Berwick Law,
Is three long miles and more;
And the heavy toil up the mountain side
Will make it seem a score."

He took her in his manly arms,
And started in his race;
Never a one who followed him
Could keep up with his pace.

And now he sang as the path grew steep,
And made him pant and blow;
"Love gives me strength, Love gives me speed,
Love aids me where I go.

"Lie still within my arms, sweet love,
Lie still, my Isabel!
For the gully's deep, and the scaur is steep,
And the distance, it is fell.

"Give me a glance of thy hazel eyes,
When I falter in my race;
Or breathe a breath of thy honey mou'
Upon my heated face.

"Love gives me strength; Love gives me speed,"
Undauntedly he sung;
And with the burden of his song,
The rocks around him rung.

"Seest thou the top of the mountain yet?"
Unto his love he cried;
"Nothing but heather and ling around,"
Fair Isabel said and sighed.

"I see the Isle of May, and the Bass,
And the Ewe, and the Lamb, and the Sea,

And the shores of Fife, and the Dunbar Creek,
Wi' canny Edinbree!"

"Oh, Isabel! I 'gin to faint,
For the way is long and steep!"
The pretty maiden bowed her head,
And long, long did she weep.

"Oh, that I were a bird, this once,
But now, and for thy sake!
Oh, Willie, dear! have courage yet,
And one mair effort make!

"Oh, leave me not to Murray's arms;
I 'll breathe upon thy face!"
It freshened him, as he upward rushed,
New-hearted in the race.

He staggered now, for his limbs grew tired,
And his arms were weak as tow;
And as he strove to keep his feet,
He flickered to and fro.

"That ever love should not be light!
That ever this form of thine
Should tire my heart and stoutest limbs,
And bid my courage tyne!"

"Oh, faint not yet. I see the top
And a saugh-tree by a stone!"
Poor Willie, he gathered up his strength,
But his heart sent forth a groan.

"Oh, Isabel, my strength does fail,
And the top we have not won!"
"Oh, Willie, dear! one struggle mair,
Ere strength and hope are gone!"

He clenched his teeth, and drew hard his breath,
Like a man to win or die;
Then did he rush o'er scaur and bush,
And gained the mountain high.

He gained the saugh-tree, and he placed
Fair Isabel on a stone,
And forward fell upon his face
Wi' a deep and heavy groan.

Borthwick, the youth raised in his arms,
"He 'll come round when he 's nursed;"
But the blood came o'er poor Willie's lips,
For his very heart had burst.

There 's a green grave on North Berwick Law,
And a maniac comes and sings,
And with the burden of her song
The valley 'neath her rings.

"Love gave him strength, Love gave him speed,"
So sings this mad damsel;
"Never a love was yet so fair,
But fortune it was fell!"

A hunter ranged, one early morn,
The top of Berwick Law;
Wi' her cauld cheek on a caulder stone,
That fair maiden he saw.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

THE great battle of Flodden was fought upon the 9th of September, 1513. The whole strength of the kingdom, both Lowland and Highland, was assembled, under James IV., and the defeat of his army was the most disastrous of any in the history of the Northern Wars. No event in Scottish history ever took a more lasting hold of the public mind than the "woful fight" of Flodden; and, even now, the songs and traditions which are current on the Border, recall the memory of the contest unsullied by disgrace, though terminating in disaster and defeat.

NEWS of battle! — news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights, that never beacon
Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder — warder! open quickly!
Man — is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened;
Then a murmur long and loud,

And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan;
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand —
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
"Tell us all — oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers — children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?"
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer —
Only with his armed heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride,
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
"By the God that made thee, Randolph,
Tell us what mischance hath come."

Then in came Randolph Murray—
His step was slow and weak,

And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
  The tears ran down his cheek;
They fell upon his corslet
  And on his mailed hand,
And he gazed around him wistfully,
  Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
  But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
  Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
  Some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers,
  And their sons were with the King.

And up then rose the Provost —
  A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name and knightly fame,
  And chivalrous degree.
Oh! woful now was the old man's look,
  And he spake right heavily—
"Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
  However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
  Death is looking from thy face;
Speak! though it be of overthrow—
  It cannot be disgrace!"

Right bitter was the agony
  That wrung that soldier proud;
Thrice did he strive to answer,
  And thrice he groaned aloud.

Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying, "That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it —
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Sirs! I charge you keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain you see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King!"

Woe, woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
Through the streets the death-word rushes,
Spreading terror, sweeping on —
"Jesu Christ! our King hath fallen,
O great God, King James is gone!
Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
Thou who erst didst love thy Son!
O the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
O our King — the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
O our sons, our sons and men!

Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
  Surely some will come again?"
Till the oak that fell last winter
  Shall uprear its shattered stem —
Wives and mothers of Dunedin —
  Ye may look in vain for them!

Then the Provost he uprose,
  And his lip was ashen white;
But a flush was on his brow,
  And his eye was full of light.
"Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
  Like a soldier stout and true;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
  Had been perilled but by few.
For thou hast not shamed to face us,
  Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing — thou a knight and captain
  Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
  I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
  And died above my son.
Thou need'st not tell it: he is dead.
  God help us all this day!
But speak — how fought the citizens
  Within the furious fray!
For, by the might of Mary!
  'Twere something still to tell
That no Scottish foot went backward
  When the Royal Lion fell!"

"No one failed him! He is keeping
  Royal state and semblance still!

Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
Of the brave and gallant hearted,
Whom ye sent with prayers away,
Not a single man departed
From his monarch yesterday.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew;
None but dying men around me,
When the English trumpet blew.
Then I stooped and took the banner,
As you see it, from his breast;
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growled the thunder,
As I leaped the woful wall;
And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden, like a pall."

William E. Aytoun.

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

I CALL upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It *is* broken down; and it *has been* broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do indeed toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as

in some sort a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as to escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To *some* field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature; it is impiety to Heaven; it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat, *toil*, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.— *Orville Dewey.*

KING LEAR DIVIDING HIS KINGDOM.

ACT I. SCENE I. — *A room of state in King Lear's palace.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Glo. and Edm.*

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom; and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburdened crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn.
And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it. Goneril,
Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found,
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, — That I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love 's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good, my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty;
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes this with thy heart?
Cor. Ay, good, my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so. Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight! —
[*To Cordelia.*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France; who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third,
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of a hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*

Shakespeare.

EASTER.

THE days go by from January to December, a procession of dull drudges, bringing to each of us breakfast and dinner, the morning paper, a few sales, a little gossip. Why should they be given up to earning bread and butter? Why should they not be forced

in themselves to educate us in healthful thoughts and the higher aims? Why should they not be imbued with some great thought, and go out with it like the prophets of old, to lift the hearts of a whole nation for one brief throb nearer to life and to God? We would be glad, for our part, if every day in the year could bear the name of a noble life or a great deed, and, instead of an unmeaning month and number, could tell to our children the story of one of the few men in the world who have made all humanity more akin to God.

Whether the 25th of December was or was not really the birthday of the son of Mary, does not matter so greatly; but it imports much to the world that on one day in the year it should stand still, while slave and statesman, prince and prisoner, the starving, tired workman, or the young man rejoicing in his strength, hear the simple story of the stable and the child: how Love, divine and helpful, Brotherly Love, had its birth from the loins of a pauper; how kings paid it homage, and God claimed it as a part of himself.

The death of Christ is perhaps to some of us merely a matter of history; to others the sole hope for our own life beyond death. But for the most indifferent it cannot but be strengthening and ennobling to look once a year upon the spectacle of a man dying for his brother man. The human brain has no sublimer, more helpful thought than this — that a man gave his life not for his friend, but his enemy.

What harm can it do the busiest of us to halt for one hour in the year, in our hurried task of amassing money or knowledge, to remember the sudden and

awful silence which will fall upon us some day, and ask ourselves if that silence will ever be broken? From out that dark unknown into which we go with blind eyes and dumb white lips, shall we come again? And what of those whose names we never speak, who, in the year that is just gone, turned away and went out of the household, from the every-day life, the work and jokes and kindnesses which they had shared from the cradle with us, without, perhaps, a word of good-by?

They lay down in a narrow cut in the damp ground, and made a home of that. They would not answer us, call we ever so loudly. They sent us no tidings whether it was well with them, whether they forgave the hasty word, the unkindness which now it was more bitter than death to remember.

Is that the end? Are the lips we kissed, and the hand whose every line we knew, and the dear face that held all the tender passionate love that life had to give us, gone? become mere clay and lime? No more? Or do the blossoms and music of the Easter resurrection hint of lives to come, illimitable, unending; where the old faces shall meet us, and the old voices speak again that have so long been silent? Is there somewhere a country "where an enemy never enters, and whence a friend never goes away"? where they stand and wait and keep a hopeful tryst for us? Even to those of us who have the near familiar faces yet about us, this life has proved already incomplete. There have been riddles unanswered, talents thwarted, good aims and noble human lives gone hopelessly by default. Is there a stronger, broader day than this? — wider fields, infinite range of action, higher deeds for

the poor baffled wretch who planned so nobly here and accomplished but poor and paltry work? Will the dark riddle of each balked life then be set right? Who was it said there was no second chance to us forever? The Easter bells tell us that in God's just universe the chance is never lost to us. No wonder that, hearing the story, the Russian peasant believes that, as they ring in the dawn, the sun and stars rejoice with him. No wonder, either, that on this morning Kaiser and serf take hands together and greet each other as brother, while they repeat that Christ is risen, and remember all that it means to them.

From "New York Tribune."

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope.

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

SCENE IV. *Manfred.*

Interior of the Tower. Manfred alone.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watchdog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood

Within a bowshot — Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth; —
But the gladiators' bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old! —
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns. — *Byron.*

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

HOW sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold;
There 's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims:

Such harmony is in immortal souls:
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

. . . . . .

We are never merry when we hear sweet music.
The reason is our spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, floods;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature;
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—*Shakespeare.*

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I 'm on the sea; I 'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I should ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I 've lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea.

Barry Cornwall.

ON MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed —
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown!
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power.
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice! Therefore,
Jew, though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy! — *Shakespeare.*

THE "MAYFLOWER" AND THE PILGRIMS.

METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the "Mayflower" of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea.

I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of

the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely sea-worthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel.

I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers.

Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast?

Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm beating upon the houseless

heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of blighted hope? a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? Was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope?

Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?—*E. Everett.*

AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

ALMIGHTY LORD of glory!
Our praise to Him we bring;
And chant our country's story,
Where GOD alone is KING;
HIS outstretched arm sustaining,
Behold the Mayflower come!
HIS mercy foreordaining
Our land for Freedom's home.

Though wintry darkness gathers,
And dearth and death prevail,
The faithful Pilgrim Fathers
Could look within the veil;

O joy amid the sadness!
They 're free to do and pray,
And keep in sober gladness
Their first Thanksgiving Day.

These seeds of Faith and Freedom
God's Word hath wafted free;
O'er rocks outsoaring Edom
They reach the Sunset Sea;
And East and West uniting,
One family become;
With North and South relighting
Love's lamp,—WE 'RE ALL AT HOME!

With half of heaven above us,
An ocean on each hand,
We 've room for all who love us,
And join our brother band;
Praising the Great All-Giver,
Our Home Feast we display,
And ever and forever
Keep free Thanksgiving Day.

In palace and in prison
Our Festival is one,
The witness CHRIST is risen —
Good-will for men begun;
Our hearts one hope rejoices,
Our souls in union pray,
'Mid songs of choral voices —
GOD BLESS THANKSGIVING DAY.

S. J. Hale.

TOM'S COME HOME.

WITH its heavily rocking and swinging load,
The stage-coach rolls up the mountain road;
The mowers lean on their scythes and say,
"Hullo! what brings Big George this way?"
The children climb the slats, and wait
To see him drive past the door-yard gate;
When, four in hand, sedate and grand,
He brings the old craft like a ship to land.
At the window, mild grandmotherly eyes
Beam from their glasses with quaint surprise,
Grow wide with wonder, and guess, and doubt;
Then a quick, half-stifled voice shrieks out,
"Tom! Tom's come home!"

The face at the casement disappears,
To shine at the door, all joy and tears,
As a traveller, dusty and bearded and brown,
Over the wheels steps lightly down.
"Well, mother!" "My son!" And to his breast
A forward tottering form is pressed.
She lies there, and cries there; now at arm's length
Admires his manly size and strength
(While he winks hard one misty eye);
Then calls to the youngsters staring nigh,
"Quick! go for your gran'ther! run, boys, run!
Tell him your uncle — tell him his son —
Our Tom's come home!"

The stage-coach waits; but little cares she
What faces pleasantly smile to see

Her jostled glasses and tumbled cap.
Big George's hands the trunk unstrap
And bear it in; while two light-heeled
Young Mercuries fly to the mowing field,
And shriek and beckon, and meet half-way
The old gran'ther, lame and gaunt and gray,
Coat on arm, half in alarm,
Striding over the stony farm.
The good news clears his cloudy face,
And he cries, as he quickens his anxious pace,
"Tom? Tom come home?"

With twitching cheek and quivering lid
(A soft heart under the hard lines hid),
And "Tom, how d'e do?" in a husky voice,
He grasps with rough, strong hand the boy's —
A boy's no more. "I should n't have known
That beard." While Tom's fine baritone
Rolls out from his deep chest cheerily,
"You're hale as ever, I'm glad to see."
In the low back porch the mother stands,
And rubs her glasses with trembling hands,
And, smiling with eyes that blear and blink,
Chimes in, "I never!" and "Only think!
Our Tom's come home!"

With question and joke and anecdote,
He brushes his hat, they dust his coat,
While all the household gathers near —
Tanned urchins, eager to see and hear,
And large-eyed, dark-eyed, shy young mother,
Widow of Tom's unlucky brother,

Who turned out ill, and was drowned at the mill:
The stricken old people mourn him still,
And the hope of their lives in him undone;
But grief for the dissolute, ruined son —
Their best beloved and oldest boy —
Is all forgotten, or turned to joy
Now Tom's come home.

Yet Tom was never the favored child,
Though Tom was steady, and Will was wild;
But often his own and his brother's share
Of blows or blame he was forced to bear;
Till at last he said, "Here is no room
For both — I go!" Now he to whom
Scant grace was shown has proved the one
Large-hearted, upright, trusty son;
And well may the old folks joy to find
His brow so frank and his eye so kind,
No shadow of all the past allowed
To trouble the present hour, or cloud
His welcome home.

His trunk unlocked, the lid he lifts,
And lays out curious, costly gifts;
For Tom has prospered since he went
Into his long self-banishment.
Each youngster's glee, as he hugs his share,
The widow's surprise, and the old folks' air
Of affectionate pride in a son so good,
Thrill him with generous gratitude.
And he thinks, "Am I that lonely lad
Who went off friendless, poor, and sad

That dismal day from my father's door?"
And can it be true he is here once more
In his childhood's home?

'T is hard to think of his brother dead,
And a widow and orphans here in his stead —
So little seems changed since they were young!
The row of pegs where the hats were hung;
The checkered chimney and hearth of bricks;
The sober old clock with its lonesome ticks
And shrill, loud chime for the flying time;
The stairs the bare feet used to climb,
Tom chasing his wild bedfellow Will;
And there is the small, low bedroom still,
And the table he had when a little lad:
Ah, Tom, does it make you sad or glad,
This coming home?

Tom's heart is moved. "Now don't mind me!
I am no stranger guest," cries he.
"And, father, I say!" — with the old-time laugh —
"Don't kill for me any fatted calf!
But go now and show me the sheep and swine
And the cattle — where is that colt of mine?
And the farm and crops — is harvest over?
I'd like a chance at the oats and clover!
I can mow, you 'll find, and cradle and bind,
Load hay, stow away, pitch, rake behind;
For I know a scythe from a well-sweep yet.
In an hour I 'll make you quite forget
That I 've been from home."

They visit the field. Tom mows with the men:
And now they come round to the porch again.

The mother draws Tom aside; lets sink
Her voice to a whisper, and — "What do you
think?
You see," she says, "he is broken quite.
Sometimes he tosses and groans all night,
And — Tom, it is hard, it is hard indeed!
The mortgage, and so many mouths to feed!
But tell him he must not worry so,
And work so hard, for he don't know
That he has n't the strength of a younger man.
Counsel him, comfort him, all you can,
While you 're at home."

Tom's heart is full; he moves away,
And ponders what he will do and say.
And now at evening all are met,
The tea is drawn, the table set;
But when the old man, with bended head,
In reverent, fervent tones has said
The opening phrase of his simple grace,
He falters, the tears course down his face;
For the words seem cold, and the sense of the old
Set form is too weak his joy to hold;
And broken accents best express
The upheaved heart's deep thankfulness,
Now Tom's come home.

The supper done, Tom has his say:
"I heard of some matters first to-day,
And I call it a shame — you 're both to blame —
That a son, who has only to sign his name,
To lift the mortgage and clear the score,
Should never have had that chance before.

From this time forth you are free from care;
Your troubles I share; your burdens I bear.
So promise to quit hard work, and say
That you 'll give yourselves a holiday.
Now, father! now, mother! you can't refuse;
For what 's a son for, and what 's the use
Of his coming home?"

And so there is cheer in the house to-night;
It can hardly hold so much delight.
Tom wanders forth across the lot,
And, under the stars — though Tom is not
So pious as boys sometimes have been —
Thanks heaven, that turned his thoughts from sin,
And blessed him and brought him home once more.
And now he knocks at a cottage door,
For one who has waited many a year
In hope that thrilling sound to hear;
Who, happy as other hearts may be,
Knows well there is none so glad as she
That Tom's come home.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE CURFEW-BELL.

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur,—
"*Curfew must not ring to-night.*"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white,
As she breathed the husky whisper,—
"*Curfew must not ring to-night.*"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton — every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow — like a deadly poisoned dart;
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right;
Now I'm old, I still must do it,
Curfew must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow;

She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,
In an undertone she murmured,
"*Curfew must not ring to-night.*"

She with quick step bounded forward, sprang within the old church-door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro:
And she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray of light;
Up and up — her white lips saying,
"*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*"

She has reached the topmast ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell.
Lo! the pond'rous tongue is swinging; 't is the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, NEVER! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly,
"*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*"

Out she swung, far out,—the city seemed a speck of light below ;
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro ;
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell ;
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating,
"*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er — the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and the brave deed that she had done,
Should be told long years after; as the rays of setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Long should tell the little children why the Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills comes Cromwell. Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now;
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn ;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,

Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light.
"Go, your lover lives!" said Cromwell;
"*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*" — *Anon.*

DEATH OF MARMION.

WHEN, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
"Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon — charge again!
Cry —'Marmion to the rescue!'— Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's — fly;
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down — my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire —
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone — to die!"

They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,

Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, "Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst?"

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the baron's casque the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain wide,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above some half-worn letters say,
Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
Who built this cross and well.

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave,
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose,
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
"Alas!" she said, "the while—
Oh, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She—died at Holy Isle."

Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth!" he said; "I knew
That the dark presage must be true.
I would the fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be! — this dizzy trance —
Curse on you base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor Clara bound
And strove to staunch the gushing wound;
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;
"Avoid thee, fiend! — with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
Oh, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
Oh, think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And — Stanley! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head,

He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.— *Sir W. Scott.*

THE FRENCH COOK.

COLONEL ARDEN. I beg pardon. I may be mistaken; but — am I speaking to — a cook?

Cook. Oui, monsieur; oui, mon Colonel. I live four years wiz 'ze Marquis de Chester; and if I have not turn him off les' month, I should 'ave the 'onneur to superinten' his cuisine at dis moment.

Col. Turn him off? Oh, then, *you* discharged the marquis!

Cook. Oui, monsieur. I discharge him, because he cast affront on me, insupportable to an artist of sentiment.

Col. Artist?

Cook. Oui, mon Colonel! De marquis 'ave de mauvais taste one day, ven he 'ave large partie to daine, to put salt into his soup before all de compagnie!

Col. And is that a crime, sir, in your code?

Cook. Cod? I dunno Cod. Oh, you mean salt fish! Ah, dat is salt enough widout.

Col. No, sir; I don't mean that. Is it a crime for a man to put salt into his soup?

Cook. Non, monsieur, not a crime; mais, it would be de ruin of me, as cook, should it be known to de

world; so I told his lor'ship I mus' leave him; for de butler had said he saw his lor'ship put de salt into de soup; which was proclamation to de universe dat I did not know de proper quantitie of salt for saison my soup!

Col. And whom else have you lived with?

Cook. My Lord Trefoil. Ah, bell 'homme, my Lord Trefoil! But de king, one day, made him his gouvernare in Ireland, and I could not live in dat barbare Dublin!

Col. Indeed!

Cook. No, mon Colonel! Ver' fine city — vere good place: but — no opera!

Col. Why, his lordship managed to live there without an opera.

Cook. C'est vrai; mais, I tink he did not know there vas none, ven he took de place.

Col. And may I ask, sir, what wages you expect?

Cook. "Wages?" Je ne comprend pas, "Wages." Oh, you mean de stipende! de salaire!

Col. Whatever you please.

Cook. My Lord Trefoil give to me seven hunder pound a year, my wine, wid tilbury and horse, and small tigre for it.

Col. Small what?

Cook. Tigre, tigre! Leetle man boy, for hold de horse.

Col. Ah, seven hundred pounds a year and a tiger?

Cook. Exclusive of pastry! I nevaire touch dat department! But I 'ave de honneur to recommend Jenkin, my sistaire husband, for de pastry: at five

hunder pound a year and his wine. Ah, Jenkin is dog-cheap at dat! dog-cheap!

Col. Seven hundred pounds a year, exclusive of pastry, which is to be obtained for five hundred pounds additional! Why, sir, the rector of my parish, a clergyman and a gentleman with an amiable wife and seven children, has but half that sum to live upon!

Cook. Poor clergy! I pity your clergy! But, mon Colonel, considaire de soup, de omelette.

Col. Confound your omelette! Do you mean, seriously, to ask me seven hundred pounds a year for your services?

Cook. (Taking snuff) Parfaitement, monsieur.

Col. Double it, sir, and I 'll be your cook for the rest of my life! Seven hundred pounds!

(*Mon Colonel exit in a rage.*)

TALLEYRAND'S WIFE.

THE famous Talleyrand, who knew
The secret of avoiding execution,
And kept his head upon his shoulders through
All the convulsions of the Revolution,
When heads were cropped by the prevailing powers
Like cauliflowers, —
This Talleyrand possessed a wife,
Selected in his humble life,
A rich bourgeoise of homely breeding;
Neither bas bleu, nor femme savants,
But rather, as I freely grant,
Deficient in her general reading.
One day —'t was when he stood elate,
Napoleon's minister of state,—

Having invited to his house
Some literati, to confer
With a great foreign traveller,
The husband thus addressed his spouse:
"My dear, at dinner you will meet
A foreigner, a man of note;
These authors like that you should quote
From their own works; wherefore, to greet
Our guests, suppose you learn by rote
A sentence here and there, that when
He prates, like other travelled men,
Of his exploits on land and ocean,
You may not be completely trammelled,
But have at least some little notion
Of how, and when, and where he travelled;
Take down his book, you'll find it yonder,
Its dull contents you need not ponder;
Read but the headings of the chapters;
Refer to them with praise and wonder,
And our vain guest will be in raptures."

Madame, resolved to play her part
So as to win the stranger's heart,
Studied the book; but, far from dull,
She found it quite delightful,— full
Of marvellous adventures, fraught
With perilous escapes,— which wrought
So deep an interest in her mind
She really was surprised to find,
As to the dining-room she tripped,
How rapidly the time had slipped.
The more to flatter and delight her,
When at the board she took her place,

The famous traveller and writer
Was seated at her side! The grace
Was hardly said, or soup sent round,
Ere, with a shrug and a grimace,
Eager to show her lore profound,
"A la Française," she raised her eyes,
And hands, and voice, in ecstacies,
"Eh, Monsieur Robinson! Mon Dieu,
Voila un conte merveilleux!
Ah, par example — it appals
The mind to think of your attacks
On those terrific cannibals,
Those horrid savages and blacks,
Who, if they once had gained the upper
Hand had eaten *you* for supper.
And so prevented your proceeding
With that sweet book I've been reading!
Mais, quel bonheur! to liberate
Poor Friday from the murderous fate,
And gain, in your deserted state,
So lonely and disconsolate,
A servant and companion too!"

The visitors were all astounded;
The stranger stared, aghast, dumbfounded!
Poor Talleyrand blushed red as flame,
Till, having catechised the dame,
The mystery was quickly cleared:
The simple woman, it appeared,
Instead of the intended book
In which she had been told to look,
From the same shelf contrived to take
"Robinson Crusoe"— by mistake! —*Anon.*

PARSON AVERY'S SWAN SONG.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury with his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop, "WATCH AND WAIT."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer morn,
And the newly-planted orchards dropping their fruit's first-born,
And the homesteads like brown islands amidst a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reaching seaward the tided creeks between,
And hills rolled, wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts green,
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eye had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling to break the living bread.

All day they sailed, and at night-fall the pleasant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky at midnight its starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied.

Blotted out was all the coast-line, gone were rock and
wood and sand,
Grimly anxious stood the helmsman with the tiller
in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and
what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round
him, weeping sore;
"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking
on before,
To the pleasant land of Heaven, where the sea shall
be no more!"

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain
drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far
and wide;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote
the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and
man's despair,
A crash of breaking timber on the rocks so sharp
and bare,
And through it all the murmur of Parson Avery's
prayer.

From the struggle in the darkness with the wild
waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it
passed,
Alone of all his household the man of God was cast.

Then a comrade heard him praying in the pause of wave and wind,
"All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find.

"In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,
And let me follow up to Thee my household and my kin!
Open the sea-gates of Thy Heaven, and let me enter in."

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request;
As the strong wave swept him downward, the sweet prayer upward prest,
And the soul of Father Avery went with it to his rest.

There was wailing on the mainland from the rocks of Marblehead,
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read,
And long by board and hearth-stone the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the "Rock of Avery's Fall!" *J. G. Whittier.*

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTISM is the love of country. It has ever been recognized among the cardinal virtues of true men, and he who was destitute of it has been considered an ingrate. Even among the icy desolations of the far north we expect to find, and *do* find, an ardent affection for the land of nativity, the HOME of childhood, youth, and age. There is much in our country to create and foster this sentiment. It is a country of imperial dimensions, reaching from sea to sea, and almost "from the rivers to the ends of the earth." None of the empires of old could compare with it in this regard. It is washed by two great oceans, while its lakes are vast inland seas. Its rivers are silver lines of beauty and commerce. Its grand mountain-chains are the links of God's forging and welding, binding together North and South, East and West.

It is a land of glorious memories. It was peopled by the picked men of Europe, who came hither "not for wrath, but conscience' sake." Said the younger Winthrop to his father, "I shall call that my country where I may most glorify God, and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends." And so came godly men and devoted women flying from oppressive statutes, where they might find

"Freedom to worship God."

There are spots on the sun, and the microscope reveals flaws in burnished steel, and so there were spots and flaws in the character of the early founders of this land; but with them all, our colonial history is one that stirs the blood and quickens the pulse of him who reads.

And then the glorious record of that Revolutionary struggle gives each American a solid historic platform on which he may plant his foot. It was an era of high moral heroism, and for principle against theoretical usurpation, rather than practical (though of the latter there wanted not enough to give to our fathers' lips a full and bitter cup), the men of the Revolution drew their swords, and entered the field against the most powerful nation of the world, and fought on and on, through murky gloom, until triumph came. It was also an era of Providential agencies and deliverances, and each right-feeling American realizes that not more truly did God raise up Moses and Aaron and lead Israel with the pillar of cloud and fire, than He raised up *our* leaders and led *our* fathers. And reverent is our adoration when we remember how He guided the deliberations of our Constitutional Convention, and poured the peaceful spirit, in answer to ascending prayer, down upon that august convocation.

There are later memories, when, again measuring strength with Britain, our gallant tars showed on the sea and on the lakes that the empire of the deep was not henceforth to be conceded to the so-called "Mistress of the Seas." It was a new sensation experienced by the old nations, when the youngest of them all dared lift the glove of the power which "ruled the waves," and defy her on the field of her greatest prowess. Yet so it was; and the achievements of Decatur, McDonough, Paul Jones, and Porter gave lustre to our navy, to be brightened by Foote, Farragut, Porter, Dahlgren, and Worden, in our own times.

It is a land of innumerable resources. Extending through so many parallels of latitude and isothermal

lines, its soil yields almost an infinite variety of productions. It gives the fruits and grains of all zones. Within its bosom lie hid all minerals; the iron, the copper, vast fields of coal, the gold, the silver, the platina, the quicksilver, while the very "rock pours out rivers of oil." Its forests are rich in exhaustless stores of timber, while its prairies are the granaries of the world.

It is the land of the free school, the free press, and the free pulpit. It is impossible to compute the power of this trio. The free schools, open to rich and poor, bind together the people in educational bonds and in the common memories of the recitation-room and the play-ground; and how strong *they* are, you, reader, well know, as some past recollection tugs at your heart-strings. The free press may not always be altogether as dignified or elevated as the more highly cultivated may desire, but it is ever open to the complaints of the people; is ever watchful of popular rights, and jealous of class encroachments, and the highest in authority know that it is above President or Senate.

The free pulpit, sustained not by legally exacted tithes wrung from an unwilling people, but by the free-will offerings of loving supporters, gathers about it the millions, inculcates the highest morality, points to brighter worlds, and when occasion demands will not be silent before political wrongs. Its power, simply as an educating agency, can scarcely be estimated. In this country its freedom gives a competition so vigorous that it must remain in direct popular sympathy. How strong it is, the country saw when its voice was lifted in the old cry, "Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft." Its words started the slumbering,

roused the careless, and called the "sacramental host," as well as the "men of the world, to arms." These three grand agencies are not rival, but supplementary, each doing an essential work in public culture.

Ours, above all others, is the land of homes. Local attachment is essential to patriotism. Give a man a bit of ground, and let him build a house, though it be scarce larger than Queen Mab's, and he becomes a permanent part of the country. He has something to live for, vote for, fight for. Here there is no system of vast land-ownerships, with lettings and sub-lettings, but, on the contrary, the abundance and cheapness of land, and the prevalence of wise home exemptions, give a large portion of the population proprietary interests.

To all this add the freedom of the elective franchise, which invests the humblest citizen with the functions of sovereignty, and opens to his competition the highest places of trust and profit, and is there not reason for loving such a country? Is there not reason why its home-born sons should swear upon its holy altars that this trust, received from their fathers, shall be transmitted, pure and whole, to their children? Is there not reason why each adopted son should see that the land which gives him sanctuary, refuge, and citizenship, shall not be rent in twain? Especially that it shall not be divided in the interest of class distinctions, of distinction between labor and capital, based upon a difference of birth and ancestry.

Above all, we assume the higher doctrine that civil government is divinely appointed, "that the powers that be are ordained of God," and thus make the maintenance of lawfully established government duty. God,

the King of nations, summons us to prevent its overthrow, and He declares that in the hour when it is imperiled the magistrate shall not bear the sword in vain, but shall be "the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil," and that they who rise up against lawful authority, and "resist the power, resist the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." Patriotism, then, comes to the baptism of Christian duty, and for the hour when just government and righteous authority are periled, the duty is one of sternness, and the sword of the magistrate is its symbol.

T. M. Eddy.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE AND THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

IT is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.

I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like a morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation

of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers.

I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult! But the age of chivalry is gone, that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nation, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.— *E. Burke.*

THE FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILL.

A DESCRIPTION of the terrible disaster which took place at the Pemberton Mills, in the city of Lawrence, Mass., in 1860.

THE silent city steeped and bathed itself in rose-tints; the river ran red and crimsoned on the distant New Hampshire hills: Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned across the disc of the climbing sun, and dipped, as she had seen it dip before, with blood. The day broke softly, the snow melted, and the wind blew warm from the river.

. . . . . .

Sene was a little dizzy this morning — the constant palpitation of the floors always made her dizzy after a wakeful night — and so her colored threads danced out of place and troubled her.

Del Ivory, working beside her, said: "How the mill shakes. What 's going on?"

"It 's the new machinery they 're histing in," observed the overseer, carelessly. "Great improvements, but very, very heavy; they calc'late on getting it all into place to-day."

. . . . . .

The wind began at last to blow chilly up the staircases and in at the cracks; the melted drifts out under the walls began to harden; the sun dipped above the dam; the mill dimmed slowly; shadows crept down between the frames.

"It 's time for lights," said Meg Match, and swore a little at her spools.

"Del," said Sene, "I think to-morrow" — she stopped. Something strange happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed, snapped, the thread untwisted and flew out of place.

"Curious," she said, and looked up, — looked up to see her overseer turn wildly, clap his hands to his head, and fall; to hear a shriek from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling gape above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel, and vast machinery throw up its giant arms, and a tangle of human faces blanche and writhe! She sprang as the floor sunk. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounded up an inclined plane, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her, leaped at her, caught her; beyond were the stairs and an open door;

she threw out her arms and struggled on with hands and knees, tripped in the gearing, and saw, as she fell, a square oaken beam above her yield and crash; it was of a fresh, red color; she dimly wondered why, as she felt her hands slip, her knees slide, support, time, place, and reason, go utterly out.

At ten minutes before five, on Tuesday, the tenth of January, the Pemberton Mill, all of the seven hundred and fifty hands being at that time on duty, fell to the ground. At ten minutes before five, Sene's father heard what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under his very feet, and stood with bated breath waiting for the crash. As nothing further appeared to happen, he took his stick and limped out into the street. A crowd surged through it from end to end. Women with white lips were counting the mills — Pacific, Atlantic, Washington — Pemberton. Where was Pemberton? Where Pemberton had blazed with its lamps last night, and hummed with its iron lips, this evening a cloud of dust — black, silent, horrible — now puffed a hundred feet into the air.

Asenath opened her eyes after a time. Beautiful green and purple lights had been dancing about her, but she had no thoughts. It occurred to her now that she must have been struck upon the head. The church-clocks were striking "eight." A bonfire, which had been built at a distance to light the citizens in the work of rescue, cast a little gleam in through the *débris* across her two hands, which lay clasped together at her side. One of her fingers she saw was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's little engagement ring. The red beam lay across her forehead, and drops dripped from it upon her eyes. Her feet, still tangled

in the gearing which had tripped her, were buried beneath a pile of bricks. A broad piece of flooring, that had fallen slantwise, roofed her in, and saved her from the mass of iron-work overhead, which would have crushed the breath out of Hercules. Fragments of looms, shafts, and pillars were in heaps about. Some one whom she could not see was dying just behind her. A little girl who worked in her room — a mere child — was crying, between her groans, for her mother. Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with reels of cotton; she had a shallow gash upon her cheek; she was wringing her hands. They were at work from the outside, sawing entrances through the labyrinth of planks. A dead woman lay close by, and Sene saw them draw her out. One of the pretty Irish girls was crushed quite out of sight; only one hand was free; she moved it feebly. They could hear her calling for Jimmy Mahony, Jimmy Mahony! and would they be sure and give him back the handkerchief? Poor Jimmy Mahony! By and by she called no more, and in a little while the hand was still.

The other side of the slanting flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home; she was asking God to take care of it for her; "for Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the "amen," but it was never spoken.

At that moment she heard a cry — "Fire! fire! God Almighty help them? The ruins are on fire!"

A man working over the *débris* from the outside had taken the notion, it being rather dark just there, to carry a lantern with him. A voice cried from the crowd, "Away! away! don't stay there with that light."

But while this voice yet sounded, it was the dread-

ful fate of the man with the lantern to let it fall, and it broke on the ruined mass. That was at nine o'clock. What there was to be seen from then till morning, could never be forgotten. A network, twenty feet high, of rods and girders, of beams, pillars, stairways, roofing, ceiling, walling, wrecks of looms, shafts, twisters, pulleys, bobbins, mules, locked and intertwined; wrecks of human creatures wedged in; a face that you knew, turned up at you from some pit, which twenty-four hours' hewing could not open; a voice you knew crying after you from God knows where; a mass of long fair hair visible here, a foot there; three fingers of a hand over there; the snow bright red under foot; charred limbs and helpless trunks tossed about; strong men carrying covered things by you, at sight of which other strong men have fainted; the little yellow jet that flared up, and died in smoke, and flared again, leaped out, licked the cotton bales, tasted the oiled machinery, crunched the netted wood, danced on the heaped-up stone, threw its cruel arms high into the night, roared for joy at helpless firemen, and swallowed wreck, death, and life together out of your sight — the lurid things stand alone in the gallery of tragedy.

The child who had called for her mother began to sob out that she was afraid to die alone.

"Come here, Mollie," said Sene; "can you crawl around?" Molly crawled around.

"Put your head in my lap, and your arms about my waist, and I will put my hands in yours — so, there! I guess that 's better, is n't it?"

But they had not given them up yet. In the still unburned rubbish at the right, some one had

wrenched an opening within a foot of Sene's face. They clawed at the solid iron pintles like savage things. A fireman fainted in the smoke.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd from behind. "It can't be done! fall back"— then hushed, awe-struck. An old man was crawling along on his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man. His gray hair blew about in the wind.

"I want my little gal!" he said, "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough fellow pointed in perfect silence through the smoke.

"I 'll have her out yet. I am an old man, but I can help. She 's my little gal, ye see. Hand me that there dipper of water; it 'll keep her from choking, maybe. Now, keep cheery, Sene. Your old father 'll get you out. Keep up good heart, child. That 's it."

"It 's no use, father. Don't feel so bad, father. I don't mind it very much." He hacked at the timber; he tried to laugh; he bewildered himself with his cheerful words.

"No more ye need n't, Senath; for it 'll be over in a minute. Don't be downcast yet. We 'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water; do now. They 'll get at ye now, sure."

But out above the crackle and the roar a woman's voice rang like a bell:

"We 're going home, to die no more."

A child's notes quivered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves white young lips swelled the glad refrain:

"We 're going, going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red; voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It flung defiance down at death. It chimed into the lurid sky without a tremor. For One stood beside her in the furnace, and his form was like unto the form of the Son of God. Why should not Asenath sing?

"Senath," cried the old man out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now from his gray hair to his patched boots. The answer came triumphantly:

"To die no more, no more, no more."

"Sene, little Sene!"

Some one pulled him back.—*Elizabeth S. Phelps.*

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;

And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I 'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;

And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breaker's roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"Oh, God! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound, as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiend below was ringing his knell.

Robert Southey.

NIAGARA.

FLOW on, for ever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of him
Eternally — bidding the lip of man
Keep silence — and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Ah! who can dare
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow — 'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn? Even ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood: and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent laborer — and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not, night or day.

The morning stars
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem; and those recking fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thy unending volume. Every leaf,
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet trembles at the baptism.

Lo! — yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'T is meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor-wreath,
For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty,
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;

And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builder wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

Longfellow.

THE THREE BELLS.

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal-guns pealed out;
Dear God! was that thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind:
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry;
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall lay till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran;

And the captain from the taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry,
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall lay by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring out, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh!

J. G. Whittier.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

SHE stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child,

For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name?" said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look yet keen,
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here — I 'm sorry to say it —
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir:
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,

The young ones cried and shivered —
(Little Johnny's but four years old); —
So, what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn;
I *took* — oh, was it *stealing?* —
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room —
Graybeard and thoughtless youth —
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spake the truth;
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study —
The strangest you ever saw —
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about — the *law.*
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Surely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words they heard:
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered,
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room
Himself the "guilty" child. — *Anon.*

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY STARS! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lovely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tesselate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer!

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned!

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky!

There,—as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the lone aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook!

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
Weep without sin, and blush without a crime!
Oh! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wast not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours!"
How vain your grandeur! Oh! how transitory
Are human flowers!

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er fields and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all teachers and from all divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Horace Smith.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and native woods, and meadows brown and sere,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;

In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest
cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend
of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful should perish with the
flowers. *Wm. Cullen Bryant.*

THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND GEORGE THE THIRD.

ONCE in the chase, this monarch drooping,
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered, through curiosity, a cot,
Where an old crone was hanging on the pot;
The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had apple-dumplings ready for the pot;
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When, lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning asked, "What's here? what's here?
What? what? what? what?"
Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand—
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple;
"'T is monstrous, monstrous, monstrous hard," he cried;
"What makes the thing so hard?" The dame replied,
Low courtesying, "Please your majesty, the apple."
"Very astonishing, indeed! strange thing!"
(Turning the dumpling round,) rejoined the king,
"'T is most extraordinary now, all this is—
It beats the conjurer's capers all to pieces—

Strange I should never of a dumpling dream;
But, Goody, tell me, where, where, where 's the seam?"
"Sire, there 's no seam," quoth she; "I never knew
That folks did apple-dumplings sew!"
"No!" cried the staring monarch, with a grin,
"Then, where, where, where, pray, got the apple in?"

Wolcot.

GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN.

MASSACHUSETTS SHORE, 1800.

I MIND it was but yesterday —
The sun was dim, the air was chill;
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill —
My Jacob, who was cast away.

He said, "God keep you, mother dear,"
But did not turn to kiss his wife;
They had some foolish, idle strife;
Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit, that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear;
I marked not that the hills looked near,
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

Yet with my darling went the joy
Of autumn woods and meadows brown;
I came to hate the little town;
It seemed as if the sun went down
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night —
The sea upon the garden leapt,
And my son's wife in quiet slept,
And I, his mother, waked and wept,
When lo! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood! his seaman's dress
All wet and dripping seemed to be;
The pale blue fires of the sea
Dripped from his garments constantly —
I could not speak through cowardness.

"I come through night and storm," he said,
"Through storm and night and death," said he,
"To kiss my wife, if it so be
That strife still holds 'twixt her and me,
For all beyond is Peace," he said.

"The sea is His, and He who sent
The wind and wave can soothe their strife;
And brief and foolish is our life."
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,
Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,
But her — his wife — who did not wake,
My heart within me seemed to break:
I swore a vow! nor thenceforth spake
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him not,
Somehow we spoke of aught beside;
For she — her hope upheld her pride;
And I — in me all hope had died,
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,
She pined and faded where she stood;
Yet spake no word of ill or good;
She had the hard, cold Edward's blood
In all her veins — and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,
To give her peace, but ere I spake
Methought, "He will be first to break
The news in heaven," and for his sake
I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam;
I only wait to hear his call;
I doubt not that this day, next fall,
Shall see me safe in port; where all
And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,
And know my Jacob? . . . . Eh! Mercy!
Ah, God of wisdom! hath the sea
Yielded its dead to humble me!
My boy! . . . . my Jacob . . . . Turn again!

Bret Harte.

NOVEMBER.

NO sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue,
No road, no street, no "t' other side the way,"

No end to any Row,
No indications where the Crescents go,
No top to any steeple,
No recognitions of familiar people,
No courtesies for showing 'em,
No knowing 'em,
No travelling at all, no locomotion,
No inkling of the way, no motion,
"No go," by land or ocean,
No mail, no post,
No news from any foreign coast,
No park, no ring, no afternoon gentility,
No company, no nobility,
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flow'rs, no leaves, no birds.
November! *Thomas Hood.*

SUMMER.

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun;
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives.
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing.

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'T is the natural way of living.
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

James R. Lowell.

WINTER.

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;

The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;

All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipped
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;

Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear,
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one;

No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
  Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
  By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter;
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly;
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;

The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

James R. Lowell.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

LOST! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock
And graved in Paradise;

Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where warbleth fashion's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 't was given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again;
I offer no reward,
For though these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven-intrusted gift
Is reft away forever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I 'll see it in His hand,
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when of waste and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS.

I SAID, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth;—

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known, in the years now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and purest bliss,
That the bridal wreath and ring inclose,
And gained the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose;

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;—

Yea, I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;

Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
  This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;
  Its weakness, its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
  May have been my helps, not hindrances!

If I saved my body from the flames
  Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
  By doing a less — you will understand.

It was better I suffered a little pain,
  Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
  And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength by trial, will know
  What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome,
  He has learned who has felt its power within!

And who knows how a life at the last may show?
  Why, look at the moon from where we stand!
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
  A luminous sphere, complete and grand!

So let my past stand, just as it stands,
  And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
  Is the best, or it had not been, I hold.

Phœbe Cary.

THE CHARITY DINNER.

TIME: half-past six o'clock. Place: The London Tavern. Occasion: Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the natives of the Cannibal Islands.

ON entering the room, we find more than two hundred noblemen and gentlemen already assembled; and the number is increasing every minute. The preparations are now complete, and we are in readiness to receive the chairman. He advances smilingly to his post at the principal table, amid deafening and long-continued cheers.

The dinner now makes its appearance, and we yield up ourselves to the enjoyments of eating and drinking. These important duties finished, the real business of the evening commences. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the noble chairman rises, and, after passing his fingers through his hair, he places his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, gives a short preparatory cough, accompanied by a vacant stare round the room, and commences as follows: —

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: — It is with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret that I appear before you this evening — of pleasure, to find that this excellent and world-wide known society is in so promising a condition; and of regret, that you have not chosen a worthier chairman; in fact, one who is more capable than myself of dealing with a subject of such vital importance as this. (*Loud cheers.*) But, although I may be unworthy of the honor, I am proud to state that I have been a subscriber to this society from its

commencement; feeling sure that nothing can tend more to the advancement of civilization, social reform, fireside comfort, and domestic economy among the Cannibals, than the diffusion of blankets and top-boots. (*Tremendous cheering, which lasts for several minutes.*) Here, in this England of ours, which is an island surrounded by water, as I suppose you all know — or, as our great poet so truthfully and beautifully expresses the same fact, 'England bound in by the triumphant sea' — what, down the long vista of years, have conduced more to our successes in arms, and arts, and song, than blankets? Indeed, I never gaze upon a blanket without my thoughts reverting fondly to the days of my early childhood. Where should we all have been now but for those warm and fleecy coverings? My Lords and Gentlemen! Our first and tender memories are all associated with blankets: blankets when in our nurses' arms, blankets in our cradles, blankets in our cribs, blankets to our French bedsteads in our school-days, and blankets to our marital four-posters now. Therefore, I say, it becomes our bounden duty as men — and, with feelings of pride, I add, as Englishmen — to initiate the untutored savage, the wild and somewhat uncultivated denizen of the prairie, into the comfort and warmth of blankets; and to supply him, as far as practicable, with those reasonable, seasonable, luxurious, and useful appendages. At such a moment as this, the lines of another poet strike familiarly upon the ear. Let me see, they are something like this — ah — ah —

'Blankets have charms to soothe the savage breast,
And to — to do — a —'

"I forget the rest. (*Loud cheers.*) Do we grudge our money for such a purpose? I answer, fearlessly, No! Could we spend it better at home? I reply, most emphatically, No! True, it may be said that there are thousands of our own people who, at this moment, are wandering about the streets of this great metropolis without food to eat or rags to cover them. But what have we to do with them?

"Our thoughts, our feelings, and our sympathies are all wafted on the wings of charity to the dear and interesting Cannibals in the far-off islands of the Great Pacific Ocean. (*Hear, hear.*) Besides, have not our own poor the workhouses to go to; the luxurious straw of the casual wards to repose upon, if they please; the mutton-broth to bathe in; and the ever toothsome, although somewhat scanty allowance of 'toke' provided for them!

"If people choose to be poor, is it our business? And let it ever be remembered that our own people are not savages and man-eaters; and, therefore, our philanthropy would be wasted upon them. (*Overwhelming applause.*) To return to our subject. To show the gratitude of the Cannibals for the benefits conferred upon them, I will just mention that, within the last few weeks, his illustrious Majesty, Hokee Pokey Nankey Fum the First—surnamed by his loving subjects 'The Magnificent,' from the fact of his wearing on Sundays a shirt-collar and an eye-glass as full court costume—has forwarded the president of the society a very handsome present, consisting of two live alligators, a boa-constrictor, and three pots of preserved Indian, to be eaten with toast; and I am told, by competent judges, that it is quite equal to Russian caviare.

"My Lords and Gentlemen! I will not trespass on your patience by making any further remarks, knowing how incompetent I am — no, no! I don't mean that — knowing how incompetent you all are — no! I don't mean that either — but you all know what I mean. Like the ancient Roman lawgiver, I am in a peculiar position; for the fact is, I cannot sit down — I mean to say, that I cannot sit down without saying that if there ever *was* an institution, it is *this* institution; and, therefore, I beg to propose, 'Prosperity to the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.'"

The toast having been cordially responded to, his lordship calls upon Mr. Duffer, the secretary, to read the report. Whereupon that gentleman, who is of a bland and oily temperament, and whose eyes are concealed by a pair of green spectacles, produces the necessary document, and reads in the orthodox manner: —

"Thirtieth Half-Yearly Report of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots to the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

"The Society having now reached its fifteenth anniversary, the committee of management beg to congratulate their friends and subscribers on the success that has been attained.

"When the Society first commenced its labors, the generous and noble-minded natives of the islands, together with their King, — a chief whose name is well known in connection with one of the most sterling and heroic ballads of this country, — attired themselves in the light but somewhat insufficient costume of their tribe, viz., little before, nothing behind, and

no sleeves, with the occasional addition of a pair of spectacles; but now, thanks to this useful association, the upper classes of the Cannibals seldom appear in public without their bodies being enveloped in blankets, and their feet encased in top-boots.

"When the latter useful articles were first introduced into the islands, the Society's agents had a vast amount of trouble to prevail upon the natives to apply them to their proper purpose, and, in their work of civilization, no less than twenty of its representatives were massacred, roasted, and eaten. But we persevered; we overcame the natural antipathy of the Cannibals to wear any covering to their feet, until, after a time, the natives discovered the warmth and utility of boots; and now they can scarcely be induced to remove them until they fall off through old age.

"During the past half-year, the Society has distributed no less than seventy-one blankets and one hundred and twenty-eight pairs of top-boots; and your committee, therefore, feel convinced that they will not be accused of inaction. But a great work is still before them; and they earnestly invite co-operation, in order that they may be enabled to supply the whole of the Cannibals with these comfortable, nutritious, and savory articles.

"As the balance-sheet is rather a lengthy document, I will merely quote a few of the figures for your satisfaction. We have received during the last half year, in subscriptions, donations, and legacies, the sum of 5403*l.* 6*s.* 8¾*d.* We have disbursed for advertising, etc., 222*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* Rent, rates, and taxes, 305*l.* 10*s.* 0¼*d.* Seventy-one pairs of blankets, at 20*s.* per pair, have taken 71*l.* exactly; and one hundred and twenty-

eight pairs of top-boots, at 21*s.* per pair, cost us 134*l.* some odd shillings. The salaries and expenses of management amount to 1307*l.* 4*s.* 2½*d.*; and sundries, which include committee meetings and travelling expenses, have absorbed the remainder of the sum, and amount to 3268*l.* 9*s.* 1¾*d.* So that we have expended on the dear and interesting Cannibals the sum of 205*l.*, and the remainder of the sum — amounting to 5198*l.* — has been devoted to the working expenses of the Society."

The reading concluded, the secretary resumes his seat amid hearty applause, which continues until Mr. Alderman Gobbleton rises, and, in a somewhat lengthy and discursive speech — in which the phrases, "the Corporation of the City of London," "suit and service," "ancient guild," "liberties and privileges," and "Court of Common Council," figure frequently—states that he agrees with everything the noble chairman has said; and has, moreover, never listened to a more comprehensive and exhaustive document than the one just read, which is calculated to satisfy even the most obtuse and hard-hearted of individuals.

"Clever man, Gobbleton!" says a Common Councilman, sitting near us, to his neighbor, a languid swell of the period.

"Ya-as, vewy! Wemarkable style of owatowy — gweat fluency," replies the other.

But attention, if you please! for M. Hector de Longuebeau, the great French writer, is on his legs. He is staying in England for a short time, to become acquainted with our manners and customs.

"MILORS AND GENTLEMANS!" commences the Frenchman, elevating his eyebrows and shrugging his

shoulders. "Milors and Gentlemans: You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid your kind permission, I vill make de toast. 'De brevete is de sole of de feet,' as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionnaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver moch to de point. Ven I vas a boy, about so moch tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevare to have exposé dat dis day vould to have arrivé. I vas to begin de vorld as von garçon — or, vat you call in dis countrie, von vaitaire in a café — vere I vork ver hard, vid no habillemens at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep' von old bleu blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have changé ver moch for me since dat time, and I have rose myself, seulement par mon industrie et perseverance. (*Loud cheers.*) Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von stranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to supposé, a halterman and de chef of you common scoundrel. Milors and Gentlemans, I feel dat I can perspire to no greatare honneur dan to be von common scoundrelman myself; but, hélas! dat plaisir

are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and Gentlemans! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, 'De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de vinking eye of de beautiful lady! It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer, but not inebriate, and, derefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De Ladies! God bless dem all!'"

And the little Frenchman sits down amid a perfect tempest of cheers.

A few more toasts are given, the list of subscriptions is read, a vôte of thanks is passed to the noble chairman, and the Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands is at an end.

Litchfield Mosely.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

OH, what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffel gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor,
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door,
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,
And then her three hours' work at night!
Alas! 't was hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,—
Her hut was on a cold hill-side;
And in that country coals are dear,
For they come far by wind and tide.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman, dwelt alone.
'T was well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer day;

Then at her door the canty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh! then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'T was a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead:
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh! joy for her! whene'er in winter,
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scattered many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring,
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vowed that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take;

And oft from his warm fire he 'd go,
  And to the fields his road would take,
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
  He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
  Thus looking out did Harry stand;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
  And crisp with frost the stubble land: —
He hears a noise, — he 's all awake, —
  Again! — on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps — 'T is Goody Blake!
  She 's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
  Stick after stick did Goody pull;
He stood behind a bush of elder,
  Till she had filled her apron full. —
When with her load she turned about,
  The by-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
  And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
  And by the arm he held her fast;
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
  And cried, "I 've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
  Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
  To God who is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
  While Harry held her by the arm, —

"God! who art never out of hearing,
Oh! may he never more be warm!"—
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining, all the morrow,
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,—
Alas that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he;
Another was on Thursday brought,
And, ere the Sabbath, he had three.

'T was all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned:
Yet still his jaws and teeth they chatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say 't is plain,
That live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold!"—
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

William Wordsworth.

GOOD READING THE GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT.

THERE is one accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. I stop to particularize this, because it is so very much neglected, and because it is such an elegant and charming accomplishment. Where one person is really interested by music, twenty are pleased by good reading. Where one person is capable of becoming a skilful musician, twenty may become good readers. Where there is one occasion suitable for the exercise of musical talent, there are twenty for that of good reading.

The culture of the voice necessary for reading well, gives a delightful charm to the same voice in conversation. Good reading is the natural exponent and vehicle of all good things. It is the most effective of all commentaries upon the works of genius. It seems to bring dead authors to life again, and makes us sit down familiarly with the great and good of all ages.

Did you ever notice what life and power the Holy Scriptures have when well read? Have you ever heard of the wonderful effects produced by Elizabeth Fry on the criminals of Newgate, by simply reading to them the parable of the Prodigal Son? Princes and peers of the realm, it is said, counted it a privilege to stand in the dismal corridors, among felons and murderers, merely to share with them the privilege of witnessing the marvellous pathos which genius, taste, and culture could infuse into that simple story.

What a fascination there is in really good reading!

What a power it gives one! In the hospital, in the chamber of the invalid, in the nursery, in the domestic and in the social circle, among chosen friends and companions, how it enables you to minister to the amusement, the comfort, the pleasure of dear ones, as no other art or accomplishment can. No instrument of man's devising can reach the heart as does that most wonderful instrument — the human voice. It is God's special gift and endowment to his chosen creatures. Fold it not away in a napkin.

If you would double the value of all your other acquisitions, if you would add immeasurably to your own enjoyment and to your power of promoting the enjoyment of others, cultivate, with incessant care, this divine gift. No music below the skies is equal to that of pure, silvery speech from the lips of a man or woman of high culture. —*John S. Hart.*

MOTHER AND POET.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! when you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever, instead!

What 's art for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees,
And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to dote.

To teach them — It stings there! *I* made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word "country," — *I* taught them, no doubt,
That a country 's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed! O my beautiful eyes!
I exulted! Nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels! —
God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp life and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
My Guido was dead! — I fell down at his feet
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it! friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on, and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand: "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two; would be with me erelong!
And 'Viva l' Italia!' he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add he "was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls, was imprest
It was Guido himself who knew what I could bear,
And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:
"Shot. Tell his mother." Ah! ah! "his," "their" mother; not "mine."
No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through THAT Love and that Sorrow which reconcile so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate; mark
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one;
'T were imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done,
If we have not a son?

Ah! ah! ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,
Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When *you* have your country, from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And *I* have my dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low
And burn your lights faintly! *My* country is *there*,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
My Italy's THERE,—with my brave civic Pair,
To disfranchise despair!

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me*.

Elizabeth B. Browning.

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

TWO little pairs of boots to-night
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle-bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes,
They ran the live-long day;
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away;
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new-ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies;
They roll it up in marbles round,
Then bake it into pies;
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To-day, I was disposed to scold;
But when I look, to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,

I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk, up-stairs, I 've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
O God! what should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor 'cross the way
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she 'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day.

We mothers weary get and worn
Over our load of care;
But how we speak to these little ones
Let each of us beware;
For what would our firesides be to-night
If no little boots were there? — *Anon.*

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,—
Veining delicate, and fibres tender,—
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,

But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain,
Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its sweet, wild way,—
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away;
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost!
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,—
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,—
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day. —*Anon.*

POMPEII.

PLINY'S account of the eruption of Vesuvius, which extended to Pompeii, has been amply verified. On the 23d of August, in the year 79, the city was suddenly exposed to a continuous and thick shower of ashes as fine as powder, and at the same time streams of mud and hot water. At the time of the disaster, the city is believed to have contained twenty-five thousand inhabitants, the greater number of whom took to flight, and were saved. Some, however, were struck down in making their escape; and others, who took shelter within their houses, were either killed by the falling of the roofs, or drowned in the sea of mud which flowed into the lower apartments. Altogether, it has been computed that thirteen hundred persons perished. By this sad catastrophe, the city does not appear to have been utterly or at once overwhelmed. The eruption is believed to have consisted of repeated attacks, leaving sufficient intervals for the inhabitants to carry off their most valuable articles, or to return to find them. After this first and greatest eruption, others ensued; and in a short time the city was effectually covered, and lost to observation.

When thus overwhelmed, Pompeii stood on an elevated part of the sea-shore, into which the small river Sarnus, or Sarno, ran on its southern side. Occupying a somewhat irregular surface, it offered admirable sites for elegant public buildings; and from the appearance of the ruins brought to light, it seems to have contained a great variety of temples, and other large structures, in the best style of Grecian art. Behind the town was a fertile plain, spreading upwards

towards Vesuvius, and along the coast on each side were many pretty villages and populous cities; among others Herculaneum, which shared the same fate. In consequence of the silting up of the bay, and other changes, Pompeii is now found to be upwards of a mile from the sea, while the ancient character of the plain for fertility has been greatly deteriorated by successive volcanic eruptions. The crater of Vesuvius, from which the city received its death-blow, is about five miles distant from the ruins, in a north-easterly direction.

Although it was traditionally known that Pompeii was somewhere entombed in this part of Campania, few if any attempts were made to discover it; and it was not till 1748 that, in making some excavations, its remains were accidentally brought to light. Since that period, the Neapolitan government has exerted itself to clear the ruins from the rubbish which encumbers them. This, however, has been a tedious and expensive process. The mud formed by the steam and ashes sent forth by the volcano, and by the torrents of rain accompanying the eruption, has hardened in the situations into which it poured, and is somewhat difficult to remove. The part chiefly cleared is a strip on the side next the sea, forming from a fourth to a third of the whole city. The wall, however, which environed the city on the land side, with the gateways in it, has likewise been laid bare.

"The road by which we approached the city," says an English traveller, "brought us to its north-western extremity, or the entrance by what is called the gate of Herculaneum; and here, in the company of our guide and a local official, we began our explorations.

The first thing to which we were introduced was the massive ruin of a villa, a little to the right of the pathway, known as the house of Diomedes, a wealthy Roman. The extent of this large ruin did not more surprise us than its open and demolished condition. It seems that here, as elsewhere, exposure to the weather for a number of years has obliterated some fine specimens of paintings on the walls, and greatly injured the different parts of the structure. We were told that, when the building was cleared out, the skeletons of seventeen persons were found in a vaulted cellar, into which they had rushed for safety. The volcanic mud which flowed in had hardened around them; and when excavated, their bodies left impressions in the surrounding material, like moulds for statuary. A piece of the incrustation remains on the wall, impressed with the form of a woman. This hapless sufferer had been a lady, perhaps the mistress of the splendid household; for bracelets, rings, and jewels were found on the remains of her person. Our guide mentioned that, near the villa, the body of a man had been found grasping bags of money, and keys in his hands, as if struck down in the effort to escape with these valuables.

"Hastening on from this interesting and dismantled ruin, we proceeded along an avenue or street, singular in character, usually called the Street of Tombs. It is in reality what had been the burying-ground of the Pompeians, and is lined with monumental edifices of handsome and solid masonry, some in a tolerable state of preservation, but others dilapidated — less, however, by time, than the pressure of volcanic matter. The architecture is principally of the Grecian orders — columns, pilasters, mouldings in

stone or marble, being conspicuous amidst the scene of desolation.

"Reaching the end of the street of tombs, and making an easy ascent, we arrived at the gateway already mentioned. Every part is now in ruin; but originally the entrance consisted of a central and two side arches. When the rubbish which encumbered the street and gateway was cleared away, the skeleton of a Roman soldier was found in a niche, marked on the side of the pathway: his lance was in his hand; and, like a faithful sentinel, he had died rather than desert his post.

"Turning up a cross street to the left, we were shown the remains of one of the largest private dwellings in the city, usually styled the house of Pansa, a public officer. In this great mansion, the water for drinking and cooking was brought in buckets from public fountains; for, although the city was supplied with water by an aqueduct, from hills eight miles distant, it was not introduced by pipes into the houses. This defect, however, did not arise from an ignorance of hydraulics, because in Pompeii there are paintings of fountains spouting water. As large numbers of slaves and menials were employed in carrying water, and in various cleansing operations, the inconvenience of having no provision for introducing water to the houses in pipes was not probably felt. Another deficiency was the absence of chimneys or fire-places. Suitable enough for summer or pleasant, dry weather, the houses could not fail to be uncomfortable in winter. Excepting where flues of warm air were led through the walls for furnaces employed for hot baths, the method of heating was by pans of burning wood or

charcoal, over which the people sat shivering in cold weather.

"Cooking was likewise performed over pans of charcoal sunk in counters of stone work. Ancient Roman writers make grievous complaints of the smoke rising from the heating-pans, which, having no contrivance to rid themselves of, wound in clouds through the apartments, spoiling the appearance of the statues and pictured walls, and in certain seasons making life within doors almost insupportable. How remarkable does it now appear, that a people so far advanced in taste and luxury, so accomplished in all ornamental arts, should not have arrived at the discovery and use of chimneys! With these things forced on our notice, the feelings of regret which we experienced in wandering through the roofless halls of Pansa's palace were considerably modified. We thought of our neat dwelling at home, which, without any pretensions to magnificence, surpassed in every useful and substantial accommodation this once proud and lordly mansion."—*From Chambers' Miscellany.*

THE GRAY FOREST EAGLE.

WITH storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
The gray forest eagle is king of the sky!
Oh, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours,
For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
Only rippling of waters and waving of trees;

There the red robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
The timid quail whistles, the sly partridge drums;
And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,
There 's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song;
The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,
And there 's naught but his shadow black gliding across;
But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam
Of the fierce, rock-lashed torrent, he claims as his home;
There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,
And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood;
From the crag-grasping fir top, where morn hangs its wreath,
He views the mad waters white writhing beneath.
On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down,
With bright azure mantle and gay mottled crown,
The kingfisher watches, while o'er him his foe,
The fierce hawk, sails circling, each moment more low.
Now poised are those pinions, and pointed that beak,
His dread swoop is ready, when, hark! with a shriek,
His eye-balls red blazing, high bristling his crest,
His snake-like neck arched, talons drawn to his breast,
With the rush of the wind gusts, the glancing of light,
The gray forest eagle shoots down in his flight;
One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,
The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dripping wreck,

And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like on high
With his prey soars the eagle, and melts in the sky.

A fitful red glaring, a low, rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm-demon yet raging afar:
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,
And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread;
A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair;
The lightning darts zigzag and forked through the gloom,
And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom;
The gray forest eagle, where, where has he sped?
Does he shrink to his eyry, and shiver with dread?
Does the glare blind his eye? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast?

No, no, the brave eagle! he thinks not of fright;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight;
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away!
Away, oh, away, soars the fearless and free!
What recks he the sky's strife? its monarch is he!
The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight;
The blast sweeps against him, unwavered his flight;
High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form
Is lost in the black, scowling gloom of the storm.

The tempest sweeps o'er with its terrible train,
And the splendor of sunshine is glowing again;
Again smiles the soft, tender blue of the sky,
Waked-bird voices warble, fanned-leaf voices sigh;
On the green grass dance shadows, streams sparkle and run,
The breeze bears the odor its flower-kiss has won,
And full on the form of the demon in flight
The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight!

The gray forest eagle! Oh, where is he now,
While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow?
There 's a dark floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,
With the speed of the arrow 't is shooting beneath!
Down, nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,
Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze,
To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,
A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad wing are there;
'T is the eagle — the gray forest eagle — once more
He sweeps to his eyry: his journey is o'er!

An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,
Is the gray forest eagle, that king of the sky!
It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth —
By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth;
There rocked by the wild wind, baptized in the foam,
It is guarded and cherished, and there is its home!
When its shadow steals black o'er the empires of kings,
Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror it brings;
Where wicked oppression is armed for the weak,
Then rustles its pinions, then echoes its shriek;

Its eye flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way,
And its talons are bathed in the blood of its prey.

Oh, that eagle of Freedom! when cloud upon cloud
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud,
When lightnings gleamed fiercely, and thunder-bolts rung,
How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung!
Though the wild blast of battle swept fierce through the air,
With darkness and dread, still the eagle was there;
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,
Till the rainbow of peace crowned the victory won.
Oh, that eagle of Freedom! age dims not his eye,—
He has seen earth's mortality spring, bloom, and die;
He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish, and fall;
He mocks at Time's changes, he triumphs o'er all;
He has seen our own land with wild forests o'erspread;
He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head;
And his presence will bless this his own chosen clime
Till the Archangel's fiat is set upon time.

A. B. Street.

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

THE following incident characterizes an important era in the history of the Scotch Covenanters.

A TROOP of soldiers waited at the door,
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from them bared sabres gleamed
And flashed into their faces. Then the door

Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon
Out of the prison. One was weak and old;
The other was a maiden in her morn,
And they were one in name, and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ,—
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny street
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades;
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they too were walking, side by side,
Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn,
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks:
They went to prison and they went to death,
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore
The troopers halted; all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistening, for the tide had
Drawn back to its farthest margin's reedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
Drew nearer by a hand-breadth. "It will be
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops
Dismounted, and the people passing near
Then heard the pardon proffered, with the oath
Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk;
But both refused the oath: "Because," they said,

"Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
We have no part with Him."

On this they took
The elder Margaret, and led her out
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the farthest stake, already reached
By every rising wave, and left her there:
And as the waves crept round her feet, she prayed
"That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
Who holds them in the hollow of his hand."

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
There paced the Provost and the Laird of Lag —
Grim Grierson — with Windram and Graham.
And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
Waiting her doom delayed, said "she would
Turn before the tide — seek refuge in their arms
From the chill waves." But ever to her lips
There came the wondrous words of life and peace:
"If God be for us, who can be against?"
"Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"
"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

From the crowd
A woman's voice cried a very bitter cry —
"O Margaret! My bonnie, bonnie Margaret!
Gie in, gie in, my bairnie, dinna ye drown,
Gie in, and take the oath!"

The tide flowed in:
And so wore on the sunny afternoon;

And every fire went out upon the hearth,
And not a meal was tasted in the town that day.
And still the tide was flowing in;
Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ear,
They turned young Margaret's face towards the sea;
Where something white was floating — something
White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave.
But as she looked it sank, then showed again,
Then disappeared; and round the shore
And stake the tide stood ankle-deep.
Then Grierson,
With cursing, vowed that he would wait
No more, and to the stake the soldier led her
Down and tied her hands; and round her
Slender waist too roughly cast the rope, for
Windram came and eased it while he whispered
In her ear, "Come, take the test, and ye are free."
And one cried, "Margaret, say but God save
The King!" "God save the King of this great grace,"
She answered, but the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
And drove the people back and silenced them.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,
She sang the psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul."
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,
She sang no more, but lifted up her face,
And there was glory over all the sky —
And there was glory over all the sea —
A flood of glory, and the lifted face
Swam in till it bowed beneath the flood,
And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

QUICK! man the life-boat! See yon bark
That drives before the blast!
There 's a rock ahead, the night is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power in such an hour
Avert the doom that 's o'er her?
Her mainmast is gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before her.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! Hark! the gun
Booms through the vapory air;
And see! the signal-flags are on,
And speak the ship's despair.
That forked flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her;
She 's on the rock, with a terrible shock,
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! See — the crew
Gaze on their watery grave;
Already some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him;
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the heights before him.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!
And, as they pull the oar,

From shore and ship a cheer arose,
That rang from ship to shore.
Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
Has human lives within her;
And dearer than gold is the wealth untold
Thou 'lt save, if thou canst win her.
On, life-boat! Speed thee, life-boat!

Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
Though darkly the reef may frown;
The rock is there — the ship is gone
Full twenty fathoms down.
But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
With the billows single-handed:
They are all in the boat! — hurrah! they 're afloat!
And now they are safely landed
By the life-boat! Cheer the life-boat!

CHICAGO.

MEN said at vespers: "All is well!"
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
"The city of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts, who fought in slow retreat
The fiends of fire from street to street,

Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city! — from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!

J. G. Whittier.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"ROCK of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"—
Felt her soul no need to hide—
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"—
'T was a woman sung them now,

Pleadingly and prayerfully,
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer —
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim —
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sang as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have press'd;
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest —
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"—
Sung above a coffin-lid; —
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still, the words would be,—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

CULTURE, THE RESULT OF LABOR.

THE education, moral and intellectual, of every individual must be chiefly *his own work*. How else could it happen that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate.

You will see issuing from the walls of the same college — nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family,— two young men, of whom the *one* shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the *other* scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, — an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now whose work is this? Manifestly their own. Men *are* the architects of their respective fortunes. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor

moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure in that empyreal region with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and those long reaches of thought, that

> "Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
> Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
> And drag up drowned honor by the locks."

This is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among *the great men* of the earth. — *William Wirt.*

THE TRAIN TO MAURO.

CHARACTERS: MRS. BUTTERMILK, an elderly lady from the country.
MR. BRIGHT, clerk at a railway station.
JOHNNIE BUTTERMILK, a terrible child.

MR. BRIGHT seated at a table, writing. *Enter* MRS. BUTTERMILK, with a bandbox, a carpet-bag, an umbrella, and a basket. JOHNNIE, with a satchel, a bundle, a parasol, and a fishing-rod.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Morning, sir!

Mr. Bright (*coldly*). Good-morning.

Mrs. B. Fairish day!

Mr. B. (*very stiffly*). Very pleasant, madam.

Mrs. B. Is this the place where you take the train to Mauro?

Mr. B. You can take a train here to-morrow, or any other day.

Mrs. B. I want to take the train to Mauro.

Johnnie. No you don't, ma. You want the train to take you.

Mrs. B. It 's all the same. Are all my things here — bandbox, carpet-bag, umbril, basket — you John, have you got all the things — bag, bundle, parasol?

J. Yes, and my fishing-rod.

Mr. B. If you don't want to leave to-day, you had better go over the way to a hotel. You cannot stay here all night.

Mrs. B. Stay here all night!

J. Nobody wants to stay here. We 're going up to Aunt Susan's.

Mr. B. You said you wanted to go to-morrow.

Mrs. B. Well, so we do. My old man's sister's son's wife is sick.

Mr. B. I don't want to hear your family troubles.

Mrs. B. 'T ain't *my* family. It 's Buttermilk's son's wife 's got some kind o' sickness come on sudden. You see Buttermilk's sister's son's wife is always delicate, and this is a bad spell, I reckon.

Mr. B. I should think you would go to-day. You seem all prepared.

Mrs. B. Ain't I going as soon as the train comes along to Mauro?

Mr. B. Why do you wait till to morrow? Where are you going?

Mrs. B. Don't I tell you I 'm going to Mauro. Got all the things safe, Johnnie?

J. Yes, ma.

Mrs. B. Bandbox, carpet-bag, umbril, basket, bag, bundle, parasol?

J. And fishing-rod.

Mrs. B. Young man, what are you writing?

Mr. B. (*coldly*). A report of an accident on the road.

Mrs. B. Oh, mercy! Oh! Are we going to have an accident? I won't go! I won't stir a step.

Mr. B. You need not be alarmed. The accident took place a week ago.

Mrs. B. What did they do, young man?

Mr. B. Ran over a cow.

Mrs. B. Dear me! Was she hurt, poor thing?

Mr. B. She was taken up in three pieces.

Mrs. B. You don't say so!

J. Dear me, what a fuss about a cow! Is all that writing about it?

Mr. B. Yes, it is. The cow threw the train off the track; thirty people were killed, sixty injured; the locomotive smashed to pieces, and five cars shattered.

Mrs. B. I'm going home!

J. Oh, pshaw, ma! I want to go fishing.

Mrs. B. Fishing! Thirty killed! Young man, did you say *thirty?*

Mr. B. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. B. When'll that train be along, young man?

Mr. B. What train?

Mrs. B. The ten-forty train.

Mr. B. (*pettishly*). At ten-forty, of course.

Mrs. B. That's the one that goes to Mauro, ain't it?

Mr. B. Of course it goes to-morrow. It goes every day.

Mrs. B. Oh! You see, young man, it's some ways

for me to come down here, for I live fifteen miles back in the country.

Mr. B. I don't want to know where you live.

Mrs. B. And Mr. Jenk's uncle's daughter's husband was a coming over with market truck; they've taken the corner farm this season, and are doing pretty well in garden sass and berries.

Mr. B. I don't want to hear all this.

Mrs. B. As I was saying, Mr. Jenk's uncle's son-in-law was coming over, and he stopped around to our place, and says he — Mrs. Buttermilk, says he, I hear you 're going up to town to take the train!

Mr. B. See here, boy, can't you make your mother be quiet? I want to write.

J. (*grinning*). That 's a good one. *I* make her! Suppose *you* try.

Mrs. B. Shut up, John. Well, sir, as I was saying, Mr. Jenk's uncle's daughter's husband brought me over with as fine a lot of early greens as ever grew in our parts. It beats me how they was ever raised on that miserable old place. It must be out of his books and papers. He 's a powerful hand for reading, and I must say he 's a first-rate hand on a farm. His pigs are pictures! If you want garden sass, any time, young man, I 'll get him to stop here.

Mr. B. (*crossly*). You need n't trouble yourself.

Mrs. B. 'T ain't a mite o' trouble. I see him every market-day, 'cause he brings my butter.

Mr. B. I don't want any garden *sass*.

Mrs. B. Dear me! Now some folks is *so* fond of it, when it comes in fresh.

Mr. B. I 'm not.

Mrs. B. Powerful stupid, waiting here, ain't it?

You see I had to come in early to get a seat in the wagon.

J. Ma!

Mrs. B. Well, John, what is it *now?* Your tongue 's always running. Nobody else gets a chance to put a word in sideways when you get started.

J. Ma, I 'm hungry.

Mrs. B. Well, I do believe that 's what ails me! I thought I felt faintish. (*Opens her basket.*) Here 's the plaster for your Aunt Susan. Ever have the rheumatiz, young man?

Mr. B. Never!

Mrs. B. I 'll send you one of my rheumatiz plasters, if you have. Cure you, sure!

(*Puts the plaster on bench.*)

J. Come, ma, hurry up, and find some gingerbread.

Mrs. B. (*taking out a bottle*). Here 's the yarb tea for your uncle. Ever had the asthma, young man?

Mr. B. No!

Mrs. B. I could leave you a little of this tea, if you had. Best thing in the world if you should ever feel wheezy. Bless your heart, they send from all round the country for my yarb tea for asthma.

(*Puts bottle on bench.*)

J. Come, ma!

Mrs. B. Dear me, Johnnie! How came your worms in here? (*Takes out a paper box.*)

J. Well, if I did n't look high and low for that bait. You must have got them off the kitchen-table, ma!

Mrs. B. Ever go fishing, young man?

Mr. B. Never!

Mrs. B. Might a had some o' John's bait just as well as not. (*Takes out another box.*) Here 's the roots for

the drink in case of fever. Are you subject to fever, young man?

Mr. B. Not at all!

Mrs. B. Pity, now, ain't it? Could a left you some o' these roots just as well as not.

Mr. B. (*sarcastically*). You are very kind!

J. I say, ma! I'll starve to death before you find that gingerbread.

Mrs. B. Dear me, Johnnie, I wish you had a little patience. (*Takes out a paper bundle.*) Here's my tallow candles, in case there's night-watching, for your Aunt Susan will burn that awful kerosene, and I'm as 'fraid as death of it, ever since my cousin's niece's husband's first wife's child was burned to death by the explosion of a lamp put side of his bed for him to go sleep, and he upset it onto the bed-clothes, and was burned to a cinder right in his own night-gown. I've never burned a bit of kerosene since I heard of it. It gave me such a turn, I was sick for a week. Burn kerosene, young man?

Mr. B. I'd like to drown you in a barrel of it!

Mrs. B. Now I don't call that neighborly; I would n't want to serve you so. (*Puts bundle on the bench.*) I was going to say I *could* spare you one or two of my candles, and they're good, for I made them myself.

Mr. B. Then you'd better burn them yourself.

J. Found that gingerbread yet, ma?

Mrs. B. (*taking out the articles as she names them, and putting them on the bench*). Here's the fine-tooth comb, and your tooth-brush, and the hands and face soap from the store — hard yellow soap's just as good, to my notion—and the hair-brush and comb, and your box of blacking, John, and the hair-ile, and the almanac, and — here's the gingerbread. (*Mr. Bright rises.*)

Mrs. B. Where are you going, young man?

Mr. B. Time for the train.

Mrs. B. My train?

Mr. B. I thought you were not going until to-morrow.

Mrs. B. So I am going to Mauro. That's where my husband's sister's son's wife is sick, at Mauro.

Mr. B. I do believe you are going to *Mauro.*

Mrs. B. Have n't I been saying so all along? Of course I 'm going there.

Mr. B. Well, you 'll have to hurry. I hear the train now, and it only stops a minute or two.

Mrs. B. You don't say so. Johnnie, help me put the things in the basket. (*Scrambling them all together, dropping them on the floor, trying to cram them in the basket hastily, all the time she is talking.*) Dear me, I never was so flustercated in all my life. I 'll miss the train now. John, all for you being so long over that gingerbread. Where 's my night-cap? There, it 's rolled clear across the floor. Go, pick it up, Johnnie. They *won't* go in! They all came out of this basket, and they must go in. Where 's the plaster for Aunt Susan's rheumatiz? Oh, young man, don't stand gaping there, but help me, can't you?

Mr. B. Train 's in! (*Saunters out.*)

Mrs. B. Come, Johnnie! Oh, we 'll never git the things. (*Gathers them all up helter-skelter and runs out, dropping them all along on the floor.*)

J. I 'm coming! (*Runs after Mrs. Buttermilk, picking up the articles dropped, and dropping others as fast. Both go off.*) *S. A. Frost.*

AN APPEAL TO THE "SEXTANT" FOR AIR.

O SEXTANT of the meetin-house, wich sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed to! and makes fires,
And lites the gass, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
in which case it smells orful, worse than lamp ile;
And rings the Bel and tols it when men dies,
to the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps paths;
And for the servusses gets $100 per annum,
Wich them that thinks deer, let 'em try it;
Gettin up before starlite in all wethers and
Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold
As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlin;
i would n't be hired to do it for no sum,—
But, O Sextant! there are 1 kermoddity
Wich 's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin
Worth more than anything except the sole of man!
i mean pewer *Are*, Sextant, i mean pewer are!
O it is plenty out of doors, so plenty it doant no
What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
Scatterin leaves and bloin off men's hatts!
in short, its jest 's as "free as are" out dores,
But, O Sextant, in our church, its scarce as buty,
Scarce as bank bills, when agints beg for mischuns,
Wich some say is purty offten (taint nothin to me, wat
I give aint nothin to nobody), but, O Sextant,
U shet 500 men, wimmin and children,
Speshally the latter, up in a tite place,
Some has bad breths, none aint 2 sweet,
Some is fevery, some is scrofilous, some has bad teeth,
And some haint none, and some aint over clean;
But every 1 on 'em brethes in and out, and out and in,
Say 50 times a minnit, or 1 million and a half breths
an our.

Now how long will a church ful of are last at that rate,
I ask you — say 15 minits — and then wats to be did?
Why then they must brethe it all over agin,
And then agin, and so on till each has took it down
At least 10 times, and let it up agin; and wats more
The same individoal don't have the priviledge
of brethin his own are, and no one's else,
Each one must take whatever comes to him.
O Sextant, doant you no our lungs is bellusses,
To blo the fier of life, and keep it from goin out;
and how can bellusses blo without wind,
And aint wind *are?* i put it to your conschens.
Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
Or roots and airbs unto an injun doctor,
Or little pills unto an omepath,
Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe;
What signifies who preaches if i cant brethe?
Wats Pol? Wats Pollus to sinners who are ded?
Ded for want of breath; why, Sextant, when we dy,
Its only coz we cant breathe no more, thats all.
And now, O Sextant, let me beg of you
To let a little are into our church.
(Pewer are is sertain proper for the pews)
And do it weak days, and Sundays tew,
It aint much trouble, only make a hole
And the are will come of itself;
(It luvs to come in where it can git warm)
And O how it will rouze the people up,
And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,
And yawns, and figgits, as effectoal
As wind on the dry boans the Profit tels of.

THE DRUMMER-BOY.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

CAPTAIN GRAY, the men were sayin'
Ye would want a drummer-lad,
So I've brought my boy Sandie,
Tho' my heart is woful sad;
But nae bread is left to feed us,
And no siller to buy more,
For the gudeman sleeps forever
Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, make your manners quickly,
Play your blithest measure true —
Gie us 'Flowers of Edinboro','
While yon fifer plays it too.
Captain, heard ye e'er a player
Strike in truer time than he?"
"Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray,
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I give ye thanks — but, Captain, maybe
Ye will hae a kindly care
For the friendless, lonely laddie,
When the battle wark is sair:
For Sandie's aye been good and gentle,
And I've nothing else to love,
Nothing — but the grave off yonder,
And the father up above."

Then, her rough hand gently laying
On the curl-encircled head,

She blessed her boy. The tent was silent,
And not another word was said;
For Captain Gray was sadly dreaming
Of a benison, long ago,
Breathed above his head, then golden,
Bending now and touched with snow.

"Good-by, Sandie." "Good-by, mother,
I'll come back some summer day;
Don't you fear — they don't shoot drummers
Ever. Do they, Captain Gray?
One more kiss — watch for me, mother,
You will know 't is surely me
Coming home — for you will hear me
Playing soft the reveille."

. . . . . .

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
Seemed to link in strange affright,
As the scudding clouds before them
Shadowed faces dead and white;
And the night-wind softly whispered,
When low moans its light wing bore —
Moans that ferried spirits over
Death 's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
Might go splashing down in blood,
Or a helpless hand lie grasping
Death and daisies from the sod —
Captain Gray walked swiftly onward,
While a faintly-beating drum
Quickened heart and step together:
"Sandie Murray! See, I come!

"Is it thus I find you, laddie?
Wounded, lonely, lying here,
Playing thus the reveille?
See — the morning is not near."
A moment paused the drummer-boy,
And lifted up his drooping head:
"Oh, Captain Gray, the light is coming,
'T is morning, and my prayers are said.

"Morning! See, the plains grow brighter —
Morning — and I'm going home;
That is why I play the measure;
Mother will not see me come;
But you'll tell her, won't you, Captain —"
Hush, the boy has spoken true;
To him the day has dawned forever,
Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

PRO PATRIA.

(INSCRIBED TO THE SECOND NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.)

THE grand old earth shakes at the tread of the Norsemen,
Who meet, as of old, in defence of the true;
All hail to the stars that are set in their banner!
All hail to the red, and the white, and the blue!
As each column wheels by,
Hear their hearts' battle-cry,—
It was Warren's,—
'Tis sweet for our country to die!

Lancaster and Coös, Laconia and Concord,
Old Portsmouth and Keene, send their stalwart young men;
They come from the plough, and the loom, and the anvil,
From the marge of the sea, from the hill-top and glen.
As each column wheels by,
Hear their hearts' battle-cry,—
It was Warren's,—
'Tis sweet for our country to die!

The prayers of fair women, like legions of angels,
Watch over our soldiers by day and by night;
And the King of all glory, the chief of all armies,
Shall love them and lead them who dare to do right!
As each column wheels by,
Hear their hearts' battle-cry,—
'T was Warren's,—
'Tis sweet for our country to die!

T. B. Aldrich.

I WAS WITH GRANT.

I WAS with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage-porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more—

I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy — my soldier-boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar."

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant —" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "Say no more.

"He fell in battle — I see, alas!
Thou didst smooth these tidings o'er —
Nay; speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he? with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant — in Illinois —
Some three years before the war."

"Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man who had *worked for Grant*
Some three years before the war.

Bret Harte.

CULTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

WE are living at a period when the language has attained a high degree of excellence, both in prose and verse,— when it has developed largely, for all the uses of language, its power and beauty. It is one of the noblest languages that the earth has ever sounded with; it is our endowment, our inheritance, our trust. It associates us with the wise and good of olden times, and it couples us with the kindred peoples of many distant regions.

It is our duty, therefore, to cultivate, to cherish, and to keep it from corruption. Especially is this a duty for us, who are spreading that language over such vast territory; and not only that, but having such growing facilities of inter-communication, the language is perpetually speeding from one portion of the land to another with wondrous rapidity, equally favorable to the diffusion of either purity or corruption of speech, but, certainly, calculated to break down narrow and false provincialisms of speech.

In the culture and preservation of a language, there are two principles, deep seated in the philosophy of language, which should be borne in mind. One is, that every *living* language has a power of growth, of expansion, of development; in other words, its *life* — that which makes it a *living* language, having within itself a power to supply the growing wants and improvements of a living people that uses it. If, by any system of rules, restraint is put on this genuine and healthful freedom, on this genial movement, the native vigor of the language is weakened.— *Henry Reed.*

BOOKS.

(FROM "SELF-CULTURE.")

IT is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all.

In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

W. E. Channing.

THE BLACK REGIMENT.

(THE SECOND LOUISIANA AT THE STORMING OF PORT HUDSON.)

DARK as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts

Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land; —
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the Black Regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine,
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling, and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come —
Told them what work was sent
For the Black Regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound —
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!"
Oh, what a shout there went
From the Black Regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke,
Onward the bondmen broke:
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.

Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the Black Regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah, and they meant the word,
Not as with us 't is heard,
Not a mere party shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood,
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death.
Praying — alas! in vain! —
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "Freedom" lent
To the Black Regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell,
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the Black Regiment!

G. H. Boker.

COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA.

THE letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs, announcing his discovery, had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event it communicated was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign; and, following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of Divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled and bewildered by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire of indefinite extent and apparently boundless wealth; and their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach of question or competition.

Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them, expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition.

As the summer was already advancing, the time

favorable for a voyage, they desired him to make any arrangements at Seville, or elsewhere, that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them by the return of the courier what was necessary to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean Sea, and Viceroy and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies;" at the same time he was promised still further rewards. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions that would be requisite, and having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out on his journey for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians and the various curiosities and productions he had brought from the new world.

The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and, as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much admiration as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants at every stage with innumerable questions; popular rumor as usual had exaggerated the truth,

and had filled the newly-found country with all kinds of wonders.

It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather, in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos of gallant bearing came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities: while great care was taken to make a display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable, from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

There was a sublimity in this event that mingled

a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of the achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince of Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon; all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length, Columbus entered the hall surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

As Columbus approached, the sovereigns arose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank.

Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands;

but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens which he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest, since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of great discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sunk on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence. All present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that solemn assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem of *Te Deum Laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious accompaniments of the instruments, rose up from the midst in a full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings

and thoughts of the auditors to heaven; "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delight. Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant Court of Spain celebrated this sublime event, offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world. *Washington Irving.*

FOUND DEAD.

FOUND dead! dead and alone!
There was nobody near, nobody near
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone—
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,
Not a watching eye or a pitying tear.
Oh, the city slept when he died alone,
In a roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,
While wrecked and worn he begged for bread,
Tired of life, and longing to lie
Peacefully down with the silent dead;
Hunger and cold and scorn and pain
Had wasted his form and seared his brain,
Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,
With a pillow of stone, was the outcast found.

Found dead! dead and alone,
On a pillow of stone in the roofless street;
Nobody heard his last faint moan
Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat;

No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,
But the stars looked down with their pitying eyes,
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound
O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead! yet not alone:
There was Somebody near — Somebody near
To claim the wanderer as his own,
And find a home for the homeless here;
One, when every human door
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor,
Who opens the heavenly portal wide;
Ah, God was near when the outcast died.

Albert Leighton.

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

THEY planted them together — our gallant sires of old —
Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with sober gold;
They planted them together — on the world's majestic height,
At Saratoga's deathless charge, at Eutaw's stubborn fight;
At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot and shell —
At moonlight gasping in the crush of battle's bloody swell —
With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty fray
Which surged and swelled around them on that memorable day;

When they planted Independence, as a symbol and a sign,
They struck deep soil and planted the Palmetto and the Pine!

They planted them together — by the river of the years —
Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered with our mothers' tears;
In the strong, rich soil of Freedom, with a bounteous benison
From their Prophet, Priest, and Pioneer — our Father, Washington!
Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the wreck,
Like "drums that beat at Louisburg, and thundered at Quebec,"
But the old lights sank in darkness as the new stars rose to shine
O'er those emblems of the sections — the Palmetto and the Pine.

And we 'll plant them still together — for 't is yet the self-same soil
Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil;
On Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's flood,
And thro' them send electric life as leaps the kindred blood!
For thus it is they taught us who for Freedom lived and died,
The Eternal's law of justice must and shall be justified—
That God has joined together by a fiat all divine
The destinies of dwellers 'neath the Palm-tree and the Pine.

. . . . . .

God plant them still together! let them flourish side by side
In the halls of our Centennial — mailed in more than marble pride;
With kindly deeds and noble names we 'll grave them o'er and o'er
With brave historic legends of the glorious days of yore;
While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united bands,
The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest lands —
While "Faith, Fraternity, and Love" shall joyfully entwine
Around our chosen emblems — the Palmetto and the Pine.

"Together!" shouts Niagara his thunder-toned decree —
"Together!" echo back the waves upon the Mexic sea —
"Together!" sing the sylvan hills where old Atlantic roars —
"Together!" boom the breakers on the wild Pacific shores —
"Together!" cry the people — and "*together*" it shall be,
An everlasting charter-bond forever for the free;
Of liberty the Signet-seal — the one eternal sign
Be those *united emblems* — the Palmetto and the Pine!

Mrs. Virginia L. French.

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

SOFTLY, oh! softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and care did they often bring nigh thee;
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear;
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are washing the ocean;
Nearer each day to the pleasant home light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight!
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;
Past all the currents that lured the unwilling,
Far from the port of the land of the blest,
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow,
Where the bright faces of children are seen,
Never a year from their youth wouldst thou borrow,
Thou dost remember what liest between.
Growing old willingly,
Gladly, I ween!

Rich in experience that angels might covet;
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years;

Rich in a love that grew from and above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears.
Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind words has brightened,
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
Growing old happily;
Blest, we believe. *From Christian Globe.*

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

IT is unfortunate that it has come so widely to be assumed that there is somehow an essential conflict between Science and the Bible, which does n't at all exist, and because it thus induces various false impressions, and seriously misleads many minds in respect to the whole subject,— especially many young minds with no actual information concerning it, but ambitious to seem wise in an acceptance of advanced thought, and in a superiority to old and outgrown superstitions. As a fact, there is and can be no conflict between Science, that is really Science, and the Bible,— since both concern the doings of the same God, and He never contradicts himself . . . . I thank God every day for the Bible; and I am anxious to help others to see how much reason we all have not only to thank Him for it, and for *what it has done*, but to cling to it with an increasing faith, in the assurance that it has more light and a larger measure of blessing

yet to bestow. And so, every day, scarcely less I thank God for Science; for the explorations it has made; for the facts it has demonstrated; for the larger and better knowledge of the universe it has given, enabling us to "read God's thoughts after Him;" I wait in grateful expectation, ready thankfully to hail all new facts it may demonstrate, and to welcome every added light it can make in the cloudy horizon of our knowledge, and every fresh ray of light it can let in to lead us out into broader and more certain conclusions.

Science and the Bible, indeed, are but the complements of each other, as the necessary means of acquainting us with the two great departments of the universe in which we live,— pertaining, one to the Seen, the other to the Unseen,— one to the sensible and material, the other to the spiritual facts and realities within, above, and about us. Armed with retort and crucible, with telescopes and microscopes, Science goes forth pushing its way into the secrets of God's visible realm, disclosing how He has wrought and is working there.

The Bible dealing with truths beyond our unaided reach, and so recording what men inspired of God have taught, takes us into the realm of the invisible, showing us what He has done, and is to do, and what He would have us do and believe there. And yet, though concerning departments of facts so different, and in a sense so opposite, the two are in entire accord, and both in their place are equally necessary, if we would have the largest and most intelligent acquaintance with God's works and ways, and so be best furnished with the reasons why we should love and trust, admire and adore Him.

Let whatever treasures of truth, yet undiscovered, be gathered out of the Bible, still Science will always be necessary in *its* place; and let Science add, no matter how widely, to its discoveries, and do its utmost in opening fact, and affinity, and force, and law, there will still always remain a use for the Bible, and souls will be unfed and unsatisfied, and walk in the dark without it.

The Bible is not a scientific treatise, and has very little to say about what can be called Science. It *does* record certain primary facts as to the creation and peopling of the world; and there, though often attacked, Science never yet has invalidated, and never will. As to the rest, the Bible is simply the record of spiritual instructions given of God to man through human instruments.

Science that is *real science* deals only with *facts*, and ventures upon, or asks acceptance for, any conclusions only so far as facts clearly authorize and compel it.

For every *fact* demonstrated in the heavens above, or the earth, or the air, or the sea, we rejoice, not only because it will enlarge our acquaintance with the universe, but because we are sure it will somehow confirm our faith in the Bible, and add yet another to the evidences of God's wisdom, love, and power.

Rev. E. G. Brooks.

THE VICTIM.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre rose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;

So thick they died, the people cried:
"The gods are moved against the land."
The priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer,)
We give you his life."

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whitened all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame;
And ever and aye the priesthood moan'd,
Till at last it seemed that an answer came:
"The king is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his nearest,
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

The priest went out by heath and hill;
The king was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,

His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
The priest exulted,
And cried with joy:
"Here is his nearest,
Here is his dearest.
We take the boy."

The king returned from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said, "They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life,
Is *he* your nearest?
Is *he* your dearest?
(Answer, O answer,)
Or I, the wife?"

The king then bent low, with hands on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee;
"O, wife, what use to answer now?
For now the priest has judged for me."
The king was shaken with holy fear;
"That gods," he said, "would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!"
But the priest was happy,
His victim won.

"We have his nearest,
We have his dearest,
His only son!"

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
"Me, me, not him, my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry,
Suddenly from him brake the wife,
And shrieking, "*I* am his dearest, I —
I am his dearest!" rush'd on the knife.
And the priest was happy:
"Oh, Father Odin,
We give you a life,
Which was his nearest?
Which was his dearest?
The gods have answered:
We give them the wife!"

Alfred Tennyson.

WRECK OF THE HURON.

A FEW days ago, there went out from our Brooklyn Navy-Yard, a man-of-war, the Huron. She steamed down to Hampton Roads, dropped anchor for further orders, and then went on southward — one hundred and thirty-six souls on board — and the life of the humblest boy in sailor's jacket as precious as the life of the commander.

There were storms in the air, the jibstay had been carried away, but what cares such a monarch of the deep for a hurricane? All 's well at twelve o'clock at

night! Strike eight bells! All's well at one o'clock in the morning! Strike two bells! How the water tosses from the iron prow of the Huron as she seems moving irresistibly on! If a fishing-smack came in her way, she would ride it down and not know that she touched it.

But, alas! through the darkness she is aiming for Nag's head! What is the matter with the compasses? At one o'clock and forty minutes there is a harsh grating on the bottom of the ship, and the cry goes across the ship, "What's the matter?" Then the sea lifts up the ship to let her fall on the breakers — Shock! shock! shock! The dreadful command of the captain rings across the deck and is repeated among the hammocks, "All hands save the ship." Then comes the thud of the axe in answer to the order to cut away the mast. Overboard go the guns. They are of no use in this battle with the wind and wave.

Heavier and heavier the vessel falls till the timbers begin to crack. The work of death goes on, every surge of the sea carrying more men from the forecastle, and reaching up its briny fingers to those hanging in the rigging. Numb and frozen, they hold on and lash themselves fast; while some, daring each other to the undertaking, plunge into the beating surf and struggle for the land. Oh, cruel sea! Pity them, as, bruised and mangled and with broken bones, they make desperate efforts for dear life. For thirty miles along the beach the dead of the Huron are strewn, and throughout the land there is weeping and lamentation and great woe.

A surviving officer of the vessel testifies that the

conduct of the men was admirable. It is a magnificent thing to see a man dying at his post, doing his whole duty. Who can see such things without thinking of the greatest deed of these nineteen centuries, the pushing out of the Chieftain of the Universe to take the human race off the wreck of the world.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

LITTLE FOXES.

LITTLE foxes spoiling
The beloved vine
Trusted to my tending
By the One Divine —
Little foxes, wherefore
Have ye entrance found
To the vine so precious
Growing in my ground?

Have ye leaped the fences?
Have ye climbed the wall?
Were there tiny openings?
Ye are very small —
And ye can creep slyly
Through a tiny space;
But, I thought I closed up
Every open place.

And I watch by daytime,
And I watch by night,
For the vine you're spoiling
Is my heart's delight!

I have kept the earth-worm
From its precious root;
I have trimmed its branches,
But they bear no fruit.

For the little foxes
Have assailed the vine
Trusted to my tending
By the One Divine;
And though I've been faithful
Since its birthday morn,
They were in the garden
When the babe was born.

For they are the failings
That I would not see
When they were *my* failings,
When they dwelt in me;
Little faults unheeded
That I now despise,
For my baby took them
With my hair and eyes.

And I chide her often,
For I know I must,
But I do it always
Bowed down to the dust,
With a face all crimsoned
With a burning blush,
And an inward whisper
That I cannot hush.

And sometimes it seemeth
Like the voice of God —

And it says, "Poor coward,
Using now the rod
On a child's frail body
Till I hear it moan,
And see its soft flesh quiver
For a sin thine own!"

Oh, my Father, pity,
Pity and forgive:
Slay the little foxes
I allowed to live
Till they left the larger
For the smaller vine,
Till they touched the dear life
Dearer far than mine.

Oh, my Father, hear me,
Make my darling thine,
Though I am so human,
Make her all divine!
Slay the little foxes,
That both vines may be
Ladened with fruit worthy
To be offered Thee.

Mrs. Mary Cram.

"NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

"NOT to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries,
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.

The bee comes sipping every eventide
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast,
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host —
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,
"Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come;
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings,
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and floweret gay;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone!"
O man, forget not thou,—earth's honored priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,—
In earth's great chorus to sustain *thy* part!
Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
And *self* disown;
Live to thy neighbor; live unto thy God;
Not to thyself alone!

A YOUNG LADY'S MEDITATIONS IN CHURCH.

WELL! I 'm glad I 'm not late. Wish I had a back seat; hate to be before every one; think they are all looking at me.

There he comes!

Think he ought to be ashamed of being always late. Wonder where he got that new neck-tie? Wonder if it 's paid for? Wonder if he does really care anything about me, or if he is only carrying on? Think he ought to be ashamed to be going from one girl to another the whole time.

Wish the choir would sing livelier tunes! Suppose *I* ought to sing. "This world is all a fleeting show." Why, there is Miss Kate, late, as usual. That is the sixth bonnet she has had this season,—"for man's illusion given." Hate to have any one looking over the same hymn-book with me,—wrinkles my dress! "There 's nothing true but heaven." I do think it 's a shame for Miss J. to be looking around that way during the long prayer; and there 's Jack, too, he has done nothing but play with his hymn-book the whole time. I think it is real wicked! Wonder how long he 's going to preach?

Now I will listen, and see if I can't remember the heads of the sermon. How would it do to take notes? How would I look writing away for dear life? Mr. Smith used to take notes; but then he is a good deal of an old stick.

But I 'm getting off the subject.

That 's a fine idea! Wonder if it 's original? Wonder how long it takes him to write his sermons? Believe *I* could write one in less than a week. Might put in some of my old compositions. No; I don't believe they would mix well.

Wonder what time it is? Wish I had a watch! I 'd have it gold and hunting case; no, I 'd have it open face. I 'd want it to have plenty of jewels. Wonder why they always put the jewels of a watch on the inside? I 'd have mine on the outside, where everybody could see them.

Wonder which would look best, diamonds or rubies? I 'd have diamonds,—no, I 'd have rubies,—no, diamonds cost the most; I 'd have diamonds. Oh, dear, I wish I was rich! I 'd be so good. Wonder if I 'll go to heaven?

Now I *will* listen to the sermon. Why, he has only got to the second head! Wonder what time it is?

Dear, dear, I wish I knew as much about the Jews as he does. Wonder how the Jews made their living before there were any second-hand clothes? Wonder if they invented Jews-harps? Never could play one. Could n't get my tongue right. Jack says it 's because it 's too long. It is n't as long as some peoples.

Wonder if he will ever be done?

Wonder if dinner 'll be ready when I get home?

Now I will listen, and it will seem short. Oh! there 's a spider! he 's coming right this way! What shall I do? If he falls on me, I believe I shall scream out; no, I 'll faint. Wonder how I 'd look fainting? Wonder if the preaching would stop?

Wonder if they 'd carry me out or lay me down on the pew? Would hate to have Mr. Smith carry me out, my curls might fall off. Guess I won't faint.

Wish that spider would go away.

Why, there he is shutting up the Bible, and I 've heard scarcely any of the sermon. Well, it 's not my fault, it 's the spider's. Anyhow, I got as much good as Miss J. did, looking around the church the whole time.

THE MORAL QUALITIES OF VEGETABLES.

I AM more and more impressed with the moral qualities of vegetables, and contemplate forming a science which shall rank with comparative anatomy and comparative philology — the science of comparative vegetable morality.

This matter of vegetable rank has not been at all studied as it should be. Why do we respect some vegetables, and despise others, when all of them come to an equal honor or ignominy on the table?

The bean is a graceful, confiding, engaging vine; but you never can put beans into poetry, nor into the highest sort of prose. There is no dignity in the bean. Corn, which, in my garden, grows alongside the bean, and, so far as I can see, with no affectation of superiority, is, however, the child of song. It waves in all literature. But mix it with beans, and its high tone is gone. Succotash is vulgar. It is the bean in it. The bean is a vulgar vegetable, without culture, or any flavor of high society among vegetables. Then there is the cool cucumber, like so many people,—good for nothing when it is ripe, and the wildness has not gone out of it. How inferior in quality it is to the melon, which grows upon a similar vine; it is of a like watery consistency, but not half so valuable! The cucumber is a sort of low comedian in a company where the melon is a minor gentleman. I might also contrast the celery with the potato. The associations are as opposite as the dining-room of the duchess and the cabin of the peasant. I admire the potato, both in vine and blossom; but it is not aristocratic.

The lettuce is to me a most interesting study. Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling, that you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is, however, apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains, like a few people I know; growing more solid and satisfactory, and tender at the same time, and whiter at the centre, and crisp in their

maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil to avoid friction, and keep the company smooth; a pinch of attic salt; a dash of pepper; a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means, but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrasts; and a trifle of sugar. You can put anything, and the more things the better, into salad, as into a conversation; but everything depends on the skill in the mixing. I feel that I am in the best society when I am with lettuce. It is in the select circle of vegetables. The tomato appears well on the table; but you do not want to ask its origin. It is a most agreeable *parvenu*. I will not associate with any vegetable which is disreputable, or has not some quality that can contribute to my moral growth. I do not care to be seen much with the squashes or the dead beets.

I do not know that chemistry is able to discover the tendency of vegetables. It can only be found by outward observation. I confess that I am suspicious of the bean, for instance. There are signs in it of an unregulated life. I put up the most attractive sort of poles for my Limas. They stand high and straight, like church-spires, in my theological garden,— lifted up; and some of them have even budded, like Aaron's rod. Some of them did run up the sticks seven feet, and then straggled off into the air in a wanton manner; but more than half of them went galivanting off to the neighboring grape-trellis, and wound their tendrils with the tendrils of the grape, with a disregard of the proprieties of life which is a satire upon human nature. And the grape is morally no better.

Charles D. Warner.

OUR COUNTRY TO-DAY.

(FROM THE CENTENNIAL ORATION, BY WM. M. EVARTS, AT PHILADELPHIA, INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1876.)

UNION, liberty, power, prosperity — these are our possessions to-day.

Our territory is safe against foreign dangers; its completeness dissuades from further ambitions to extend it, and its rounded symmetry discourages all attempts to dismember it. No division into greatly unequal parts would be tolerable to either. No imaginable union of interests or passions large enough to include one-half the country, but must embrace much more. The madness of partition into numerous and feeble fragments could proceed only from the hopeless degradation of the people, and would form but an incident in general ruin.

The spirit of the nation is at the highest — its triumph over the inborn, inbred perils of the Constitution has cleared away all fears, justified all hopes, and with universal joy we greet this day. We have not proved unworthy of a great ancestry; we have had the virtue to uphold what they so wisely, so firmly established. With these proud possessions of the past, with powers matured, with principles settled, with habits formed, the nation passes, as it were, from preparatory growth to responsible development of character and the steady performance of duty. What labors await it, what trials shall attend it, what triumphs for human nature, what glory for itself, are prepared for this people in the coming century, we may not assume to foretell.

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever," and we

reverently hope that these our constituted liberties shall be maintained to the unending line of our posterity, and so long as the earth itself shall endure.

In the great procession of nations, in the great march of humanity, we hold our place. Peace is our duty, peace is our policy. In its arts, its labors, and its victories, then, we find scope for all our energies, rewards for all our ambitions, renown enough for all our love and fame.

In the august presence of so many nations, which, by their representations, have done us the honor to be witnesses of our commemorative joy and gratulation, and in sight of the collected evidences of the greatness of their own civilization with which they grace our celebration, we may well confess how much we fall short, how much we have to make up, in the emulative competitions of the times. Yet, even in this presence, and with a just deference to the age, the power, the greatness of the other nations of the earth, we do not fear to appeal to the opinion of mankind, whether, as we point to our land, our people, and our laws, the contemplation should not inspire us with a lover's enthusiasm for our country.

Time makes no pauses in his march. Even while I speak, the last hour of the receding is replaced by the first hour of the coming century, and reverence for the past gives way to the joys and hopes, the activities and responsibilities of the future. A hundred years hence the piety of that generation will recall the ancestral glory which we celebrate to-day, and crown it with the plaudits of a vast population which no man can number. By the mere circumstance of this periodicity, our generation will be in the minds, in the

hearts, on the lips of our countrymen, at the next Centennial commemoration in comparison with their own character and condition and with the great fondness of the nation. What shall they say of us? How shall they estimate the part we bear in the unbroken line of the nation's progress? And so on, in the long reach of time forever and forever, our place in the secular roll of the ages must always bring us into observation and criticism. Under this double trust, then, from the past and for the future, let us take heed to our ways, and, while it is called to-day, resolve that the great heritage we have received shall be handed down through the long line of the advancing generations, the home of liberty, the abode of justice, the stronghold of faith among men, "which holds the moral elements of the world together," and of faith in God, which binds that world to His throne.

RETURN OF THE HILLSIDE LEGION.

WHAT telegraphed word
The village hath stirred?
Why eagerly gather the people;
And why do they wait
At crossing and gate —
Why flutters the flag on the steeple?

Why, stranger, do tell —
It's now a smart spell
Since our sogers went marchin' away,
And we calculate now
To show the boys how
We can welcome the Legion to-day.

Bill Allendale's drum
Will sound when they come;
And there's watchers above on the hill,
To let us all know
When the big bugles blow,
To hurrah with a hearty good will.

All the women folks wait
By the 'Cademy gate,
With posies all drippin' with dew;
The Legion shan't say
We helped them away,
And forgot them when service was through.

My Jack's comin' too,
He's served the war through:
Hark, the rattle and roar of the train!
There's bugle and drum,
Our sogers have come!
Hurrah! for the boys home again.

"Stand aside! stand aside!
Leave a space far and wide
Till the regiment forms on the track."
Two soldiers in blue,
Two men — only two —
Stepped off, and the Legion was back.

The hurrah softly died,
In the space far and wide,
As they welcomed the worn, weary men;
The drum on the hill
Grew suddenly still,
And the bugle was silent again.

I asked Farmer Shore
A question no more,
For a sick soldier lay on his breast!
While his hand, hard and brown,
Stroked tenderly down
The locks of the weary at rest.

Ethel Lynn.

HYMN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI AT SUNRISE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O Sovereign Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,

Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form swelled vast to heaven!
Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, wake! oh, wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,

And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer: and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

S. T. Coleridge.

TRUE NOBILITY.

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get our mete as we measure;
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure;
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The birch for the robin and wren,
But alway the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

'T is not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory,
Gives all that he hath for her smile.
And when from her heights he has won her,
Alas! 't is only to prove
That nothing 's so sacred as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love.

We cannot make bargains of blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing that life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing and doing
As we would be done by,— is all.

Through envy, through hatred, through malice,
Against all the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to labor and wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth,
For he who is honest is noble
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

Alice Cary.

THE LAST HYMN.

THE Sabbath-day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them — the wild spirit of the air —
And it lashed and shook, and tore them till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,
And, alas, for any vessel in their yawning gulf entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough wind blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.

Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.
Oh, for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung in terror, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship urged by the tempest to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet, shout away!"
'T was the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no.
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe.
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll."
Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely o'er the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last."

He could have no other refuge, "Hangs my helpless soul on thee."
"Leave, oh! leave me not"—the singer dropped at last into the sea.
And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes by tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."—*Marianne Farningham.*

MARK TWAIN ON THE WEATHER.

OLD Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is

going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England. He does n't know what the weather is to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there are going to be. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: "Probable northeast to southeast winds, varying to the southward, and westward, and eastward, and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning."

Then he jots down this postscript, from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it — you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather. A perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning.

These are great disappointments; but they can't be helped. And the thunder. When the thunder commences merely to tune up, and scrape, and saw, and

key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here!"

Now as to the size of the weather in New England — lengthways, I mean — it is utterly disproportionate to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather striking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time.

Mind, I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice. But after all there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries — the ice-storm — when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with

inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence. One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world."— *S. L. Clemens.*

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story the gossips tell
Of John Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well!
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown —
The only man who did n't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three —
The very day that General Lee,
The flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell you how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage-door,
Looking down the village street,
  Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
  He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood;
Or, how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine —
Quite old-fashioned, and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass —
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept —
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;

Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron — but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons — size of a dollar —
With tails that country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village-green,
Since John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quilting" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away,
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—

Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *repertoire:*
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level!" and, "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy"—and begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long, brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'T was but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old-bell crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair
The Past of the Nation in battle there.
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.
Thus raged the battle. You know the rest;
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—

Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

Bret Harte.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

SCATTER the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage-gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there
In the loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of nature and of art!

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temples of our God —
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod!

When he built a temple for himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He reared each arm in symmetry,
And covered each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul!
They shall bud, and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom.

THE BUREAU-DRAWER.

THE man who will invent a bureau-drawer which will move out and in without a hitch, will not only secure a fortune, but will attain to an eminence in history not second to the greatest warriors. There is nothing, perhaps (always excepting a stove-pipe), that will so exasperate a man as a bureau-drawer which will not shut.

It is a deceptive article. It will start off all right; then it pauses at one end, while the other swings in as far as it can. It is the custom to throw the whole weight of the person against the end which sticks. If any one has succeeded in closing a drawer by so doing, he will confer a favor by sending his address to this office. Mrs. Holcomb was trying to shut a bureau-drawer on Saturday morning; but it was an abortive effort. Finally she burst into tears. Then

Mr. Holcomb told her to stand aside, and see him do it.

"You see," observed Mr. Holcomb with quiet dignity, "that the drawer is all awry. That 's what makes it stick. Now, anybody but a woman would see at once, that to move a drawer standing in that position would be impossible. I now bring out this end even with the other — so; then I take hold of both knobs, and, with an equal pressure from each hand, the drawer moves easily in. See?"

The dreadful thing moved readily forward for a distance of nearly two inches; then it stopped abruptly.

"Ah!" observed Mrs. Holcomb, beginning to look happy again.

Mr. Holcomb very properly made no response to this ungenerous expression; but he gently worked each end of the drawer to and fro, but without success. Then he pulled the drawer all the way out, adjusted it properly, and started it carefully back; it moved as if it was on oiled wheels. Mr. Holcomb smiled. Then it stopped. Mr. Holcomb looked solemn.

"Perhaps you ain't got the ends adjusted," suggested the unhappy Mrs. Holcomb.

Mr. Holcomb made no reply. He pushed harder at the drawer than was apparent to her; but it did n't move. He tried to bring it back again; but it would not come.

"Are you sure you have got everything out of here you want?" he finally asked, with a desperate effort to appear composed.

"Oh! *that 's* what you are stopping for, is it? But you need n't. I have got what I wanted; you can shut it right up." Then she smiled a very wicked smile.

He grew redder in the face, and set his teeth firmly together, and put all his strength to the obdurate drawer, while a hard look gleamed in his eye. But it did not move. He pushed harder.

"Ooh, ooh!" he groaned.

"I'm afraid you have n't got the ends adjusted," she maliciously suggested.

A scowl settled on his face, while he strained every muscle in the pressure.

"I'd like to know what in thunder you've been doing to this drawer, Jane Holcomb?" he jerked out.

"I hain't done anything to it," she replied.

"I know better," he asserted.

"Well, know what you please, for all I care," she sympathizingly retorted.

The cords swelled up on his neck, and the corners of his mouth grew white.

"I'll shut that drawer, or I'll know the reason of it!" he shouted; and he jumped up, and gave it a passionate kick.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed.

He dropped on his knees again, grabbed hold of the knobs, and swayed and pushed at them with all his might. But it did n't move.

"Why, in the name of common sense, don't you open the window? Do you want to smother me?" he passionately cried.

It was warm, dreadfully warm. The perspiration stood in great drops on his face or ran down into his neck. The birds sang merrily out the door, and the glad sunshine lay in golden sheets upon the earth; but he did not notice them. He would have given five dollars if he had not touched the obstinate bureau;

he would have given ten if he never had been born. He threw all his weight on both knobs. It moved then. It went to its place with a suddenness that threw him from his balance, and brought his burning face against the bureau with force enough to skin his nose, and fill his eyes with water to a degree that was blinding. Then he went out on the back-stoop and sat there for an hour, scowling at the scenery.

J. M. Bailey. (*The Danbury News Man.*)

ROMEO'S BANISHMENT.

Romeo, just after being married to Juliet, is sentenced to banishment for killing Tybalt.

FRIAR. I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say — death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say — banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
Hence banished is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death: — then banishment
Is death mis-termed: calling death — banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,

Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog, and little
mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not,— More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips:
But Romeo may not: he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But — banished — to kill me; banished?
How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word — banishment?
Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. I 'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy!
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished? — Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.
Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Shakespeare.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet—

And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth

When Babie came from Paradise),—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And wove the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!* — our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime,
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel-nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now: —
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key,
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,

The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers;
And then went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours.

T. B. Aldrich.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel keel,
And laid her on her side;

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock;

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And they may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone;
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

W. Cowper.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

A LITTLE Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when "the times were good." He called at the counting-house, a few days since, in a state of agitation not easily described.

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.

"Sick — ver sick," replied Monsieur.

"What 's the matter?"

"De times is de matter."

"*De times?* — what disease is that?"

"De malaide vat break all the merchants ver much."

"Ah — the times, eh? —well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but how do they affect you?"

"Vy, Monsieur, I lose de confidance."

"In whom?"

"In everybody."

"Not in me, I hope?"

"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur; but I do not know who to trust à présent, when all de marchants break several times all to pieces."

"Then I presume you want your money?"

"Oui, Monsieur; I starve for want of l'argent."

"Can't you do without it?"

"No, Monsieur; I must have him."

"You must?"

"Oui, Monsieur," said the little Frenchman, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, Monsieur; not von other leetle moment longare."

The merchant reached his bank-book, drew a check on the bank for the amount, and handed it to his visitor.

"Vat is dis, Monsieur?"

"A check for five thousand dollars, with the interest."

"Is it bon?" said the Frenchman, with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you de l'argent in de bank?"

"Yes."

"And it is parfaitement convenient to pay de sum?"

"Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?"

"Vy, dat you have got him in dese times."

"Oh, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me one leetle favor, eh?"

"With all my heart."

"Vell, Monsieur, you shall keep de l'argent for me some leetle year longer."

"Why, I thought you wanted it."

"*Tout au contraire.* I no vant de l'argent; I want de grand confidance. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much; suppose you got him, den I no vant him at all. Vous comprenez, eh?"

After some further conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and

left the counting-house with a light heart and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His confidence was restored; and although he did not stand in need of the money, he wished to know that his property was in safe hands.

(This little sketch has a moral, which the reader can readily explain.)

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

IT first took its place in the old homestead about sixty years ago. Grandfather and grandmother had just been married. That was a part of their outfit. It called them to their first meal. There were the blue-edged dishes and bone-handled knives and homely fare, and an appetite sharpened on the wood-pile or by the snow-shovelling. As the clock tolled twelve of noon, the rugged pair, in home-made garments, took their position at the table, and keeping time to the rattle of knives and forks and spoons, the clock went tick — tock! tick — tock!

There were the shining tin-pans on the shelf. There were the woollen mittens on the stand. There were the unpolished rafters overhead. There was the spinning-wheel in the corner. There was the hot fire, over which the apples baked till they had sagged down, brown and hissing hot, and the saucepan on the hearth was getting up the steam, the milk just lifting the lid to look out, and sputtering with passion, until with one sudden dash it streams into the fire, making the housewife rush with holder and tongs to the rescue. The flames leaped up around the back-log,

and the kettle rattled with the steam, and jocund laughter bounded away, and the old clock looked on with benignant face, as much as to say: "Grand sport. Happy pair. Good times. Clocks sympathize. Tick — tock! tick — tock!"

The old timepiece kept account of the birthday of all the children. Eighteen times it tolled the old year out, and rung the new year in, when fair Isabel was married. The clock seemed to enjoy it all, and every moment had something to say:

"I stood here when she was born. I was the only one present at the courtship. I told the young man when it was time to go, although sometimes he minded me not, and I had to speak again. I ordered the commencement of ceremonies. Good luck to Isabel, and an honest eight-day clock to bless her wherever she may go. Tick —tock! tick — tock!"

After many years, grandfather became dull of hearing and dim of sight. He could not hear the striking of the hours, but came close up and felt of the hands, and said:

"It is eight o'clock, and I must go to bed." He never rose again.

All spake in a whisper, and moved around the room on tiptoe; but there was one voice that would not be quieted. If the watchers said "Hush!" it seemed to take up a louder tone. It was the old clock in the next room. At the wedding it laughed. Now it seemed to toll. Its wheels had a melancholy creak; its hands, as they passed over the face, trembled and looked thin, like the fingers of an old man moving in a dying dream. Poor old clock!

The hand that every Saturday night for sixty years

has wound it up will soon be still. The iron pulses of the old timepiece seem to flutter, as though its own spirit were departing. Its tongue is thick; its face is white as one struck with death.

But, just as grandfather's heart, after running for eighty years, ceased to tick, the old clock rallied, as much as to say:

"It is the last thing I can do for him, and so I must toll the death-knell — One! two! three! four! five! six! seven! eight! nine! ten! eleven! twelve!"

With that it stopped.

Ingenious craftsmen attempted to repair it, and oiled the wheels and swung the pendulum. But it would not go! Its race was run; its heart was broken; its soul had departed. When grandfather died, the clock died with him.— *T. De Witt Talmage.*

THE YOUNG GRAY-HEAD.

I'M thinking that to-night, if not before,
There 'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton roar?
It 's brewing up, down westward; and look there!
One of those sea-gulls! ay, there goes a pair:
And such a sudden thaw! If rain comes on,
As threats, the waters will be out anon.
That path by the ford 's a dangerous bit of way—
Best let the young ones bide from school to-day.

The children themselves join in this request; but the mother resolves that they shall set out — the two

girls, Lizzy and Jenny, the one five and the other seven. As the dame's will was law, so,

One last fond kiss.
"God bless my little maids!" the father said,
And cheerily went his way to win their bread.

Prepared for their journey, they depart, with the mother's admonitions to the elder.

"Now, mind and bring
Jenny safe home," the mother said. "Don't stay
To pull a bough or berry by the way;
And when you come to cross the ford, hold fast
Your little sister's hand till you 're quite past —
That plank 's so crazy, and so slippery,
If not o'erflowed, the stepping-stones will be.
But you 're good children — steady as old folk,
I 'd trust ye anywhere." Then Lizzy's cloak
(A good gray duffle) lovingly she tied,
And amply little Jennie's lack supplied
With her own warmest shawl. "Be sure," said she,
"To wrap it round, and knot it carefully
(Like this) when you come home, just leaving free
One hand to hold by. Now, make haste, away—
Good-will to school, and then good right to play."

The mother watched them as they went down the lane, overburdened with something like a foreboding of evil which she strove to overcome; but could not during the day quite bear up against her own thoughts, especially as the threatened storm did at length truly set in. His labor done, the husband makes his three

miles' way homeward, until his cottage coming into view, all its pleasant associations of spring, summer, and autumn, with its thousand family delights, rush on his heart: —

There was a treasure hidden in his hat —
A plaything for his young ones. He had found
A dormouse nest; the living ball coiled round
For its long winter sleep; and all his thought,
As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of naught
But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,
And graver Lizzy's quieter surprise,
When he should yield, by guess and kiss and prayer,
Hard won, the frozen captive to their care.

Out rushes his fondling dog Tinker, but no little faces greet him as wont at the threshold; and to his hurried question,

"Are they come? — 't was no."

To throw his tools down, hastily unhook
The old crack'd lantern from its dusty nook,
And, while he lit it, speak a cheering word
That almost choked him, and was scarcely heard,
Was but a moment's act, and he was gone
To where a fearful foresight led him on.

A neighbor accompanies him; and the faithful dog follows the children's track.

"Hold the light
Low down — he 's making for the water. Hark!
I know that whine. The old dog 's found them, Mark."

So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on
Toward the old crazy foot-bridge. It was gone!
And all his dull contracted light could show
Was the black, void, and dark swollen stream below.
"Yet there's life somewhere — more than Tinker's whine —
That's sure," said Mark. "So, let the lantern shine
Down yonder; there's the dog — and hark!" "Oh, dear!"
And a low sob came faintly on the ear,
Mock'd by the sobbing gust. Down, quick as thought,
Into the stream leaped Ambrose, where he caught
Fast hold of something — a dark, huddled heap —
Half in the water, where 't was scarce knee-deep
For a tall man; and half above it propp'd
By some old ragged side-piles that had stopt
Endways the broken plank when it gave way
With the two little ones that luckless day.
"My babes! my lambkins!" was the father's cry.
One little voice made answer, "Here am I!"
'T was Lizzy's. There she crouched, with face as white,
More ghastly by the flickering lantern light,
Than sheeted corpse. The pale blue lips drawn tight,
Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,
And eyes on some dark object underneath,
Wash'd by the turbid water, fix'd like stone —
One hand and arm stretch'd out, and rigid grown,
Grasping, as in the death-gripe, Jenny's frock.
There she lay drowned.

They lifted her from out her watery bed;
Its covering gone, the lovely little head

Hung like a broken snow-drop, all aside,
And one small hand. The mother's shawl was tied,
Leaving that free about the child's small form,
As was her last injunction, "fast and warm."
Too well obey'd — too fast! A fatal hold
Affording to the scrag, by a thick fold,
That caught and pinn'd her to the river's bed;
While through the reckless water overhead
Her life-breath bubbled up.
"She might have lived,
Struggling like Lizzy," was the thought that rived
The wretched mother's heart, when she knew all,
"But for my foolishness about that shawl" — a torture aggravated by the tones of the surviving child, who half deliriously kept on ejaculating:

"Who says I forgot?
Mother! indeed, indeed, I kept fast hold,
And tied the shawl quite close — she can't be cold —
But she won't move — we slept — I don't know how —
But I held on — and I 'm so weary now —
And it 's so dark and cold! — oh, dear! oh, dear! —
And she won't move — if father were but here!"

Thus all night long from side to side she turned,
Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,
With now and then the murmur, "She won't move."
And lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright,
Shone on that pillow — passing strange the sight —
The young head's raven hair was streak'd with white!"

Caroline Southey.

HESPERUS.

AWAKE, O beautiful Hesperus!
Awake! for the day is done,
And the royal purple curtains are drawn
Round the couch of the sleeping sun;
There is a hush on the blooming earth,
And a hush on the beating sea,
And silence, too, in the courts of Heaven,
For the stars all wait for thee,
Hesperus!
All things beautiful wait for thee!

'T is the hour for fancy's fairy reign,
When the glowing brain is fraught
With visions of beauty, and bliss, and love,
That leave no room for thought.
With the light of warm and glorious dreams
This narrow chamber is bright,
And I need but thee to sing with me,
O sweetest poet of night!
Hesperus,
Open thy volume of golden light.

There may I read of the youth of old,
Who clambered the mountain height,
And talked with stars in the midnight hours,
Till he faded from human sight —
Till his brow grew bright with wonderful light,
And away from the world's rude jars,
He was lost in the beams of his radiant dreams,
And himself was the fairest of stars.
Hesperus!
The best beloved of the stars!

There may I read this legend rare,
And its beautiful meaning learn,
While my soul, new kindled to hopes divine,
With a holy fire shall burn.
O never should human heart despair
Of the presence of God on high;
O never should human faith grow dim,
While the stars are in the sky!
Hesperus!
Thy voice is the voice of eternity.

Thou art smiling down on me, Hesperus,
With that smile upon my heart
I know that kindled to me and mine,
In those measureless heights, thou art.
When thy spirit blossomed into a star,
In the mystical days of old,
The love and the hope it bore on high,
The legend hath never told
Hesperus!
Thy sweetest story hath never been told.

O to be like thee, Hesperus!
To climb the heights of truth,
And there to drink of celestial airs,
And to glow with immortal youth—
There, wrapt in the light which is born in the skies,
Where the blessed angels are,
To hear earth's harmonies only rise
Floating sweetly up from afar!
Hesperus!
How can my spirit become a star?

A NATIONAL HYMN.

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Rearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us: who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the MANY IN ONE!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

O. W. Holmes.

EXECUTION OF JOAN OF ARC.

HAVING placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which *she* did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was now at hand. Still, she continued to expose her person in battle as before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles VII. as the work of a witch; and, for this end, Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from the absurd accusation.

Never, from the foundation of the earth, was there such a *trial* as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence and all its malignity of attack. O child of France, shepherdess, peasant-girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect,—quick as the lightning, and as true to its mark,—that ran before France and laggard Europe

by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! "Would you examine me as a witness against *myself?*" was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a *fairer* victim by *baser* means.

Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman! cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do *one* thing as well as the best of men,—you can *die grandly!* On the twentieth of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air currents.

With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a mitre, bearing the inscription, "*Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress.*" Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last, and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifested in a remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her,

even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for him,—the one friend that would not forsake her,—and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. "Go down," she said; "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then protesting her innocence, and recommending her soul to heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped up and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in him, in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death.

Few spectators of this martyrdom were so hardened as to contain their tears. All the English, with the exception of a few soldiers who made a jest of the affair, were deeply moved. The French murmured that the death was cruel and unjust. "She dies a martyr!" "Ah, we are lost, we have burned a saint!" "Would to God that *my* soul were with *hers!*" Such were the exclamations on every side. A fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the funeral-pile, hearing Joan's last prayer to her Saviour, suddenly turned away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon white wings to heaven from the ashes where she stood.

Thomas De Quincey.

THE WOOLEN DOLL.

A MANIAC'S STORY.

A WEARY, cowering figure
Huddling to the wall,
A mass of golden hair, a sallow face,
And that is all!
A wretched, blank, lost mind,—
Whose only thought
Rests in the foolish toy
The poor, thin hands have wrought.

A simple woolen doll,
Clasped to her lonely breast,
Gazed wildly on at times,
Then closer pressed.
The others sneeringly pass by,
While here and there
Stops one more curious,
To banter or to stare.

"Father is coming, darling,—
There,— don't cry;
He won't be gone for long,
He'll come by and by.
You know he's gone away, my sweet,
To be a sailor on the sea;
Gone far away, my pet, with words
Of love for you and me.

"They tell me he is dead, my dear;
But never mind,
He would n't go up there, and leave
Us here behind.

He told us, darling, when he went,
He would come back again;
And he would never break his word,
The truest, best of men.

"Ah, sir! I see you 're smiling,
And, with alarm,
Draws back the sweet lady
Hanging on your arm.
Miss, I was handsome once,
But all this woe,
This misery, and grief, and shame,
Have brought me low.

"Look at me with those large blue eyes,
That tell of love,—
Such eyes as sometimes beam on me
From heaven above.
I know your heart is good as is your face,
And I will tell
To you the sad, sad story
That all know so well.

"Father was stern, and cold, and proud,
And when James said,
'Let Rose, sir, be my wife,
I love the maid,'—
He laughed at him, and, with a sneer,
Sent him away.
God grant, ma'am, you may never know
The sorrows of that day.

"I loved him with a girl's first love,
And, when he came

With father's surly message,
Full of shame,
I cheered him as I best knew how,
Gave him my hand,
Promised, through life, with him
Alone I'd stand.

"It was in the winter, sir,
When all was dead,
And snow was on the ground,
That we two fled.
A good, kind parson married us:
Dear soul!
I often, often think of him
In this dark hole.

"Then came trouble — no work, no bread;
And one October morn,
When all was dark and drear,
The child was born.
See, he's a pretty boy, sweet pet,
With just his father's face;
But, oh! the good God grant,
Without poor James' disgrace.

"Things went from bad to worse —
He took to drink,
To gambling, robbery, and shame —
I cannot think —
Oh, no — he was mad then, I feel
His was too good a heart
To do aught ever that would
Make mine smart.

"It came at last — the bitter hour —
Hot words, a blow —
He beat me cruelly —
So, darling, so —
And then we parted, and he went
Off on the sea,
Leaving the dark, blank world
To baby here, and me.

"'Heard from him since?' you ask;
No, ma'am, never,
Yet baby here and I
Were waiting ever —
Waiting to hear his voice once more,
To see his face,
To welcome him home again
With a long, last embrace.

"Oh, ma'am, 't is sad to sit here,
Far away from home,
Waiting for one perhaps
Will never come.
They tell me he is dead, these people,
Then they smile;
While I can only hope, and clasp
My child the while.

"Father is dead long since, they say,
Died of a broken heart;
Cut from the wretched tragedy
In which he played a part.
Look, look! see how the baby smiles!
Give him a penny, do;

God grant, ma'am, all such misery
May never come to you."

Out in the sparkling sunshine,
In the merry autumn air,
Where the breeze, in gaily passing,
Kisses a cheek most fair —
Within, four dark and dingy walls,
That sigh with every breath
Of the mother, with her woolen doll,
Dying a living death.

George W. Hows.

THE EMPTY NEST.

A SONG of a nest:
There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over it, purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:
You shall never light in a summer quest
The bushes among —
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!

Right dearly I loved them; but when they were grown,
They spread out their wings to fly.
Oh, one after one they flew away,
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And — I wish I was going, too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all my hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be,
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me! Ah, me!

Jean Ingelow.

WOMANHOOD AND SHAKESPEARE.

IT may seem strange to go back three hundred years for a type of womanhood, but Shakespeare's ideal of womanhood is the ideal of our own day; it is never out of date, for the creations of the immortal poet are destined to endure for all time. Shakespeare is indeed the oracle of woman, for we find in his plays four heroines to one hero. Shakespeare has given us seven hundred characters, and not one resembles another; but, considered as a whole, the men are

remarkable for their weakness, the women for their strength. We see Hamlet troubled with his father's ghost; Macbeth frightened by imaginary daggers in the air; Othello, the martyr rather than the hero; King Lear sinned against rather than sinning, and exchanging his kingdom for a hovel; Iago, a villain without a single virtue; Cardinal Wolsey being like a spider's web in the king's palace, until brushed away by the crown of Henry the Eighth; Shylock demanding his three thousand ducats for three months; Antony selling the Roman Empire for a kiss. And then, in striking contrast, we see the lovely Miranda, the sprightly Rosalind, the gentle Ophelia, the queenly Catharine, the noble Cordelia, and Portia, who combines the virtues of them all.

Let us take a few of his characters, and, using them as prisms, discover the nature of that radiance which illuminates them all.

In Miranda, living with her father in an island seclusion, we have a type of spotless innocence and purity, and nothing is more simply beautiful than the love-making between her and Ferdinand.

Of all Shakespeare's creations, Rosalind, in "*As You Like It*," is the happiest. She has been well called the "crystal-hearted;" and her wit, unlike that of Beatrice, is never hard and cold. Ophelia and Juliet can best be studied in contrast. Juliet's home was in sunny Italy, the land of the flowers; Ophelia's in gloomy Elsinore. Juliet is ever surrounded by gayety; Ophelia stands against a dark back-ground of spectres and shadows. The love of Romeo and Juliet is the groundwork of their drama; that of Hamlet and Ophelia, but the silver thread that runs through the

play. But the lives of both illustrate the truth, that woman's devotion is "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Where can we find a better example of wifely constancy through distrust and imprisonment than that of Queen Catharine?

King Lear differs from the rest of Shakespeare's plays, as sculpture differs from painting. The characters are more clearly cut and distinct. Cordelia, misjudged in heart, and deprived of her inheritance, returns at last to the aid of her father, a broken-down old man, praying to the storm. Of all the women of the great poet, Cordelia uses fewest words, but she says most.

As a fitting type of the heroic, we have the saintly Isabel, willing to give her life, but not her honor, to rescue her brother from an ignominious death.

Portia is the highest jewel in Shakespeare's casket, blending in her true womanliness the romantic, the domestic, and the heroic; and nowhere does she appear to better advantage than in the trial scene in the "*Merchant of Venice*," than which there is but one grander in all history, that of Paul before Agrippa.

Wallace Bruce.

THE IRISHWOMAN'S LETTER.

DEAR NEFFA: — I have n't sent ye a lettre since the last time I wrote to ye, becase we 've moved from our former places o' livin; and I did n't know where a lettre would find ye; but I now wid pleasure take up me pin to inform ye uv the deth of yer own livin Uncle Kilpatrick, who died very suddinly last wake, after a lingerin illness of six wakes.

The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his illness, layin perfectly still all the while, spacheless intirely, talkin incoherently, and cryin for wather. I had no opportunity of informin ye by the last post, which wint two days before his deth, and thin you 'd had the postage to pay. I 'm at a great loss to tell what his deth was occasioned by, but I fear it was by his last sickness.

He niver was well tin days thegither durin the whole time of his confinement; but be that as it will, as soon as he brathed his last, the dochter gave up all hopes of his recovery. I need n't tell ye anything about his age, for ye well know that in May next he would have been twenty-five years old, lackin tin months; and had he lived till that time, he thin would have been six months ded.

His property is very considerable; it devolved upon his nixt of kin, who is ded some time since, so that I expect it will be equally divided between us, and thin, my dear Laray, ye 'll get two-thirds o' the whole; and ye know he had a fine estate, which was sould to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost on the horse-race. But it was the opinion of all the ladies present that he would have won the race if that horse he ran against had n't been too fast for him! bad luck to the baste!

But, poor sowl! he 'll niver ate nor dhrink any more; and now, Larry, ye have n't a livin relation in the wide world, except meself and yer two cousins that was kilt in the last war.

But I can't dwell upon this mournful subject, but will sale the lettre with black sailin-wax, and put on yer uncle's coat of arms; so I beg ye not to brake the

sale, when ye open the lettre, until two or three days after ye recave it, by that time ye will be better prepared for the mournful tidings.

Yer ould swate-heart, Mary, sends her love to ye, unbeknownst to me.

Whin the bearer of this arrives in Hamilton, ax him for this lettre, and if he does n't know which one it is, tell him it 's the wan that spakes of yer uncle's deth, and saled in black.—*Judy O'Halligan.*

ENTHUSIASM OF THE HUNTRESS.

(FROM LONDON ASSURANCE.)

SCENE. — MAX HARKAWAY'S DRAWING-ROOM.

Present, GRACE, MAX HARKAWAY, SIR HARCOURT COURTLY, YOUNG COURTLY, and DAZZLE. — JAMES announces MR. ADOLPHUS and LADY GAY SPANKER.

[*Enter* LADY GAY, *fully equipped in riding-habit, etc.*]

LADY GAY. Ha! ha! Well, governor, how are ye? I have been down five times, climbing up your stairs in my long clothes. How are you, Grace, dear? [*Kisses her.*] There, don't fidget, Max. And there — [*kisses him*] there 's one for you.

Sir Harcourt. Ahem!

Lady Gay. Oh, gracious, I did n't see you had visitors.

Max. Permit me to introduce — Sir Harcourt Courtly, Lady Gay Spanker. Mr. Dazzle, Mr. Hamilton — Lady Gay Spanker.

Sir H. [*Aside.*] A very fine woman!

Dazzle. [*Aside to Sir H.*] She 's a very fine woman.

Lady Gay. You must n't think anything of the liberties I take with my old papa here — bless him!

Sir H. Oh, no! [*Aside.*] I only thought I should like to be in his place.

Lady Gay. I am so glad you have come, Sir Harcourt. Now we shall be able to make a decent figure at the heels of a hunt.

Sir H. Does your ladyship hunt?

Lady Gay. Ha! I say, governor, does my ladyship hunt? I rather flatter myself that I do hunt! Why, Sir Harcourt, one might as well live without laughing as without hunting. Man was fashioned expressly to fit a horse. Are not hedges and ditches created for leaps? Of course! And I look upon foxes to be one of the most blessed dispensations of a benign Providence.

Sir H. Yes, it is all very well in the abstract: I tried it once.

Lady Gay. Once; only once?

Sir H. Once; only once. And then the animal ran away with me.

Lady Gay. Why, you would not have him walk?

Sir H. Finding my society disagreeable, he instituted a series of kicks, with a view to removing the annoyance; but, aided by the united stays of the mane and tail, I frustrated his intentions. [*All laugh.*] His next resource, however, was more effectual, for he succeeded in rubbing me off against a tree.

Max and Lady Gay. Ha! ha! ha!

Daz. How absurd you must have looked, with your legs and arms in the air, like a shipwrecked tea-table!

Sir H. Sir, I never looked absurd in my life. Ah, it may be very amusing in relation, I dare say, but very unpleasant in effect.

Lady Gay. I pity you, Sir Harcourt; it was criminal in your parents to neglect your education so shamefully.

Sir H. Possibly; but be assured, I shall never break my neck awkwardly from a horse, when it might be accomplished with less trouble from a bedroom window.

Young Courtly. [*Aside.*] My dad will be caught by this she-Bucephalus-tamer.

Max. Ah, Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek — a steeple-chase, sir, which I intended to win, but my horse broke down the day before. I had a chance, notwithstanding, and but for Gay here, I should have won. How I regretted my absence from it. How did my filly behave herself, Gay?

Lady Gay. Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone; the start was a picture — away we went in a cloud — pell-mell — helter-skelter — the fools first, as usual, using themselves up — we soon passed them — first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug — Kitty skimmed the walls — Blueskin flew over the fences — the Colt neck and-neck, and half a mile to run — at last the Colt baulked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves — she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head — ha! ha! Away he flew like a thunderbolt — over went the filly — I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch — walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

All. Bravo! Bravo!

Lady Gay. Do you hunt?

Dazzle. Hunt! I belong to a hunting family. I was born on horseback and cradled in a kennel. Ay, and I hope I may die with a whoo-whoop!

Max. [*To Sir H.*] You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London; here we rise with the lark.

Sir H. Have n't the remotest conception of when that period is.

Grace. The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

Sir H. Oh, pardon me; I have seen sunrise frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my travelling-carriage, and I always considered it disagreeable.

Grace. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause: — these, swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling it.

Sir H. The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp, foggy morning? In fact, I never heard any music worth listening to, except in Italy.

Lady Gay. Then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry?

Sir H. Full cry!

Lady Gay. Ay! there is harmony, if you will. Give me the trumpet-neigh; the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! The view-

halloo, blent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music,— match it where you can!

Sir H. [*Aside.*] I must see about Lady Gay Spanker.

Daz. [*Aside to Sir H.*] Ah, would you —

Lady Gay. Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Away we go! The earth flies back to aid our course! Horse, man, hound, earth, heaven! — all — all — one piece of glowing ecstasy! Then I love the world, myself, and every living thing,— my jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that all creation had but one mouth, that I might kiss it.— *Dion Boucicault.*

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

A lay made about the year of the city CCCLX.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium, by the nine gods he swore that the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more. By the nine gods he swore it,
And named a trysting-day, and bade his messengers ride forth
East and west, and south and north, to summon his array.

East and west and south and north the messengers ride fast,
And tower, and town, and cottage have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium is on the march for Rome.

And now hath every city sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand, the horse are thousands ten,
Before the gates of Sutrium is met the great array;
A proud man was Lars Porsena upon the trysting-day.

They held a council standing before the river gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess, for musing or debate.
Out spoke the Council roundly: "The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost, naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul; Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward the Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust rise fast along the sky.

But the Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly look'd he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the town?"

Then out spoke brave Horatius, the captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth death cometh, soon or late.

And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius — a Ramnian proud was he —
"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius — of Titian blood was he —
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, in the brave days of old.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the fathers all:
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack;
But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once more.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!"

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed the good sword
by his side,
And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong
in the tide.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months
of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing; and he was sore in
pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing
blows:
And oft they thought him sinking — but still again he
rose.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus; "will not the
villain drown?
But for his stay, ere the close of day we should have
sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, "and bring
him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen be-
fore."

And now he feels the bottom; — now on dry earth he
stands;
Now round him throng the fathers to press his gory
hands.
And now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of
weeping loud,
He enters through the river gate, borne by the joyous
crowd. *T. B. Macaulay.*

DANIEL GRAY.

IF I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in fact, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready winds his freight of gratitude,
And was not called upon among the gifted
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And, I suppose, that in his prayers and graces
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now — his form, and face, and motions,
His homespun habit and his silver hair —
And hear the language of his trite devotions
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded —
"Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering and to conquer" rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him —
He never kissed his children, so they say;

And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horseshoe picked up by the way.

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And, I am told, that when his Charley died,
Nor Nature's need nor gentle word could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkling in his hair,
And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty Friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

J. G. Holland.

MR. BUMBLE AND MRS. CORNEY.

SCENE.— MRS. CORNEY'S apartment. A small round table, on which is a furnished tea-tray. A small teakettle on the fire.

MRS. CORNEY (*leaning her elbow on the table, and looking reflectively at the fire*). Well, I 'm sure we have all on us a great deal to be thankful for,—a great deal, if we did but know it! Ah! (*Proceeds to make tea. Spills water, and slightly scalds her hand.*) Drat the pot! a little stupid thing that only holds a couple of cups! What use is it of to anybody! except — except to a poor desolate creature like me. O dear! (*Dropping into her chair, and resting her elbow on the table again.*) I shall never get another! I shall never get another — like him. (*A rap is heard.*) Oh, come in with you! (*sharply.*) Some of the old women dying, I suppose. They always die when I 'm at meals. Don't stand there letting the cold air in,—don't! What 's amiss now, eh?

Mr. Bumble (*outside*). Nothing, ma'am; nothing.

Mrs. C. Dear me! (*in a much sweeter tone*) is that Mr. Bumble?

Mr. B. (*entering with his cocked hat in one hand, and a bundle in the other*). At your service, ma'am. Shall I shut the door, ma'am? (*Shuts it.*)

Mrs. C. Hard weather, Mr. Bumble.

Mr. B. Hard, indeed, ma'am. Anti-porochial weather this, ma'am. We have given away, Mrs.

Corney, we have given away a matter of twenty quartern loaves and a cheese and a half, this very blessed afternoon; and yet them paupers are not contented.

Mrs. C. Of course not. When would they be, Mr. Bumble? (*sipping her tea.*)

Mr. B. When, indeed, ma'am! Why, here's one man that, in consideration of his wife and large family, has a quartern loaf and a good pound of cheese, full weight. Is he grateful, ma'am,— is he grateful? Not a copper farthing's worth of it! What does he do, ma'am, but ask for a few coals,—if it's only a pocket-handkerchief full, he says! Coals! What would he do with coals? Toast his cheese with 'em and then come back for more. That's the way with these people, ma'am. Give 'em a apron full of coals to-day, and they'll come back for another the day after to-morrow, as brazen as alabaster. (*Mrs. C. makes signs of assent.*) I never see anything like the pitch it's got to. The day before yesterday a man — you have been a married woman, ma'am, and I may mention it to you — a man with hardly a rag upon his back, (*Mrs. C. looks at the floor*) goes to our overseer's door when he has got company coming to dinner, and says he must be relieved, Mrs. Corney. As he would n't go away, and shocked the company very much, our overseer sent him out a pound of potatoes and half a pint of oatmeal. "My heart!" says the ungrateful villain, "what's the use of *this* to me? You might as well give me a pair of iron spectacles!" "Very good," says our overseer, taking 'em away again; "you won't get anything else here." "Then I'll die

in the streets!" says the vagrant. "Oh, no, you won't," says our overseer.

Mrs. C. Ha, ha! That was very good! So like Mr. Grannett, was n't it? Well, Mr. Bumble!

Mr. B. Well, ma'am, he went away; and he *did* die in the streets. There 's an obstinate pauper for you!

Mrs. C. It beats everything I could have believed. But don't you think out-of-door relief a very bad thing, any way, Mr. Bumble? You 're a gentleman of experience, and ought to know. Come.

Mr. B. Mrs. Corney (*with the air of superior information*), out-of-door relief properly managed — properly managed, ma'am — is the porochial safeguard. The great principle of out-of-door relief is to give the paupers exactly what they don't want, and then they get tired of coming.

Mrs. C. Dear me! Well, that is a good one, too!

Mr. B. Yes. Betwixt you and me, ma'am, that 's the great principle; and that 's the reason why, if you look at any cases that get into them owdacious newspapers, you 'll always observe that sick families have been relieved with slices of cheese. That 's the rule now, Mrs. Corney, all over the country. But, however (*stooping to unpack his bundle*), these are official secrets, ma'am; not to be spoken of, except, as I may say, among the porochial officers, such as ourselves. This is the port-wine, ma'am, that the board ordered for the infirmary; real, fresh, genuine port-wine, only out of the cask this forenoon, clear as a bell, no sediment! (*Sets away the two bottles of wine; folds the handkerchief in which they had been wrapped, puts it carefully in his pocket, and takes up his hat as if to go.*)

Mrs. C. You 'll have a very cold walk, Mr. Bumble.

Mr. B. It blows, ma'am (*turning up his coat-collar*), enough to blow one's ears off. (*Moves toward the door.*)

Mrs. C. Would n't you — would n't you take a cup of tea? (*Mr. B. turns back his coat-collar, lays his hat and stick upon a chair, draws another chair up to the table, and seats himself. Mrs. C. gets another cup and saucer, and prepares his tea.*) Sweet? (*Taking up the sugar-basin.*)

Mr. B. Very sweet, indeed, ma'am. (*Fixing his eyes tenderly on Mrs. C., who hands him the tea. Spreads a handkerchief on his knees, fetching occasionally a deep sigh.*) You have a cat, ma'am, I see; and kittens, too, I declare!

Mrs. C. I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble, you can't think. They are *so* happy, *so* frolicsome, and *so* cheerful, that they are quite companions for me.

Mr. B. Very nice animals, ma'am; so very domestic.

Mrs. C. Oh, yes! so fond of their home, too, that it 's quite a pleasure, I 'm sure.

Mr. B. Mrs. Corney, ma'am (*slowly, and marking the time with his teaspoon*), I mean to say this, ma'am, that any cat or kitten that could live with you, ma'am, and *not* be fond of its home, must be an ass, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Oh, Mr. Bumble!

Mr. B. It 's of no use disguising facts, ma'am (*slowly flourishing the teaspoon*); I would drown it myself, with pleasure.

Mrs. C. Then you 're a cruel man (*holding out her hand for his cup*), and a very hard-hearted man, besides.

Mr. B. Hard-hearted, ma'am, hard! (*Squeezes Mrs. C.'s little finger as she takes the cup, slaps his heart twice, heaves a mighty sigh, and gradually hitches his chair around the table, close to Mrs. C.*) Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney? (*Stirring his tea and looking up into her face.*) Are *you* hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?

Mrs. C. Dear me! what a very curious question from a single man! What can you want to know for, Mr. Bumble? (*Mr. B. drinks his tea, finishes a piece of toast, whisks the crumbs off his knees, wipes his lips, and deliberately kisses Mrs. C.*) Mr. Bumble (*in a frightened whisper*), Mr. Bumble, I shall scream! (*Mr. B. puts his arm round her waist. A hasty knock is heard at the door. Mr. B. darts to the wine bottles, and begins dusting them with great violence.*) Who 's there? (*loudly and sharply.*)

A Pauper (*putting her head in at the door*). If you please, Mistress, old Sally is a-going fast.

Mrs. C. Well, what 's that to me? (*angrily.*) I can't keep her alive, can I?

Pauper. No, no, Mistress, nobody can; she 's far beyond the reach of help. But she 's troubled in her mind; and when the fits are not on her,—and that 's not often, for she is dying very hard,—she says she has got something to tell which you must hear. She 'll never die quiet till you come, Mistress.

Mrs. C. It 's a shame that old women can't die without purposely annoying their betters (*muffling herself in a shawl*). Mr. Bumble, perhaps you 'd better stay till I come back, lest anything particular should occur. (*Amiably to Mr. B.; then crossly to the pauper.*) Walk fast! don't be all night hobbling out o' the way.

Charles Dickens.

THE LONG AGO.

OH! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf — so they come and they go,
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There 's a magical Isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There 's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow —
There are heaps of dust — but we *loved* them so! —
There are trinkets and tresses of hair:

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There 's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And garments that *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;

And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be that blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night!
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

A BATTLE-SONG OF FREEDOM.

MEN of action! men of might!
Stern defenders of the right!
Are you girded for the fight?

Have you marked and trenched the ground
Where the din of arms must sound,
Ere the victor can be crowned?

Have you guarded well the coast?
Have you marshalled all your host?
Standeth each man at his post?

Have you counted up the cost?
What is gained and what is lost,
When the foe your lines have cross'd?

Gained — the infamy of fame,
Gained — a dastard's spotted name,
Gained — eternity of shame.

Lost — desert of manly youth.
Lost — the right you had by birth.
Lost — lost! — Freedom for the earth.

Freemen, up! The foe is nearing!
Haughty banners high uprearing —
Lo, their serried ranks appearing!

Freemen, on! The drums are beating!
Will you shrink from such a meeting?
Forward! give them hero greeting!

From your hearths, and homes, and altars
Backward hurl your proud assaulters;
He is not a man that falters.

Hush! The hour of fate is nigh;
On the help of God rely!
Forward! We will do or die.

G. Hamilton.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,

Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfil
The orient mission of good-will;
And, freighted with love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues, strong to save;
The honor, proof to place or gold;
The manhood, never bought nor sold.

Oh! make Thou us through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old.

J. G. Whittier.

THE END.

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